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THE
MYSTERIOUS WIFE.

A NOVEL,

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

BY GABRIELLI.

Who I am—What I am—Or—From whence I came—
Time will unfold.

ANON.

VOL. I.



PRINTED FOR WILLIAM LANE,

AT THE

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LEADENHALL-STREET.

M.DCC.XCVII.



MYSTERY WIFE

A NOVEL

BY CAROLINE

VOL. I

LONDON

PRINTED FOR WILLIAM LANE

AT THE

NEW YORK

LEADENHALL STREET

MILBURN

for what could be more advantageous to

~~the author to have it known, that~~

approve me as a writer, and acknow-

ledge me as a friend. What I could I

may have in the former of these points

depend on fortune; but I am in pos-

session of all the credit of the latter;

while you permit me to declare, that

MRS. ARTHUR YOUNG.

MADAM,

THE most accurate observer of the beauties of nature must be the best judge of their imitations; and the same elegance of imagination which forms the romance, must enlighten the critic: it was natural for me, under this persuasion, to address myself to you.

How ingenious are people in colouring their passions! Thus have I heightened self-love into a love of justice;

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for what could be more advantageous to me than to have it known, that you approve me as a writer, and acknowledge me as a friend? What success I may have in the former character must depend on futurity; but I am in possession of all the credit of the latter; while you permit me to declare, that

I am, MADAM,

Your obliged and most obedient,

Humble Servant,

JUNE 5, 1797,

THE AUTHOR.



THE
MYSTERIOUS WIFE.

CHAP. I.

SOME years before the fatal epocha of the French Revolution, St. Omers, a large handsome town upon the confines of Artois, was the residence of many English families, who had withdrawn from their own country through different motives.

The English college was a strong recommendation to those who had large families, as their sons were there taught every branch of useful knowledge, initiated in all the polite arts at a very trifling expence, while their daughters enjoyed an equal advantage in the various convents with which the place abounded, and its vicinity to Dunkirk, Calais, and Boulogne, added to the reasonable price of every article of life, house-rent, lodgings, &c. gave it a decided pre-eminence in most people's eyes over every other town upon the frontiers.

Among the number of its English inhabitants at the time this history commences, was a family of the name of Westhorpe, but none of their countrymen then at St. Omer's could discover what had induced the master of it (though he had been many years a resident in France) to fix his abode in a foreign country ; he visited but few of the English, which served the more to excite their curiosity,



osity, and his recluse sort of life gave rise to many and various conjectures.

He was naturally of a reserved, haughty, morose disposition, and was of no small consequence in his own opinion; nay, was thought a man of superior understanding by the undiscerning few, who mistake a grave exterior, too often the result of mistaken pride, for innate wisdom; his excessive parsimony, which extended to every thing concerned; his household had gained him the reputation of a rich miser, who was hoarding for his family; for, in spite of appearance, no one imagined his oeconomy to be the result of necessity.

His wife had once been a beauty, and had brought him a genteel fortune; indeed that alone had induced Mr. Westhorpe to make her an offer of his hand, for he knew her education had been very much neglected, and that her temper was far from good; but as he determined to be master of his own

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house,

house, these considerations gave him but little concern, and from the day of their marriage, he exercised his authority with the most despotic sway. At first Mrs. Westhorpe shewed great disposition to rebel, but fear, the constant companion of narrow minds, at last induced her (though with a very bad grace) to submit to laws from whence there was no appeal, and she was now dwindled into a peevish domestic drudge; but as this was by no means the effect either of affection or inclination, she indemnified herself for this forced submission to the will of her lord and master, by railing at him to every one indiscriminately behind his back, and by exerting the utmost tyranny in her turn over her children and servants, but more particularly over a young man she and her husband called nephew, but whom many people, who affected to be in the family secret, had set down for a natural son of Mr. Westhorpe's, and this accounted in most people's eyes for the good lady's bad temper,

per, and her ill treatment of this unfortunate youth.

Of their own two sons we shall say but little, as they were neither of them blest with shining talents, and they seemed to bid fair to go through the world, as many have done before them, without experiencing any great revolution in their diurnal occupations; and as they were of easy, indolent dispositions, they bore with their mother's continual ill-humour with the utmost patience, and plodded on, heedless of the past, and careless of the future; it was generally supposed their father meant them to enjoy the fruits of his œconomy as gentlemen, because they were not studying for any profession, and were allowed to lounge away great part of their time in listless idleness.

Their sister, Miss Westhorpe, was just turned of seventeen; she possessed no small share of her mother's disposition, without those pretensions to beauty her mother had

been remarked for at her age ; and her education, which she had received in the Ursuline convent at St. Omer's, had rather increased than checked her naturally bad temper ; and having attained a tolerable skill in dancing, a smattering of music from the organist of the cathedral, (who could make shift to tune a harpsichord, run over the church service, and a few other tunes, which rendered him a very proper instructor for young ladies in general) and paint a few miserable flowers her mother thought beautiful, she now looked upon herself as entitled to universal admiration from the male sex, and had no doubt but she was an object of considerable envy to her own. Her mother and she seldom agreed in any one point, except in trying to outvie each other in tormenting the young man already mentioned, who bore the name of Henry Westhorpe ; he had never been a constant resident in the family, though he had been under Mr. Westhorpe's care from his earliest infancy ; he had continued at nurse till his uncle left England.

England with his family, and was then removed to a very cheap academy at Bishop Auckland, in the county of Durham. He had at this period attained his fifth year, and was allowed, by all who knew him, to be a remarkable fine child: to a most beautiful countenance he united a most elegant form, and was at this early age distinguished for his shrewd, pertinent remarks, excellent temper, and uncommon vivacity.

He very soon became the darling of a most deserving couple, a Mr. and Mrs. Parker, under whose care he was placed—they had no children of their own, which was in some respects a fortunate circumstance for little Henry, as it certainly increased their attachment towards him. As for Mr. Westhorpe, he seemed almost to have forgot such a being existed: Mr. Parker had received his instructions to draw upon a banker in London, quarterly, for the small sum he had allotted for his nephew's education, cloathing, &c. and once or twice

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a year

a year he deigned to inquire, in very laconic letters, how the boy went on. However, Henry was no sufferer by this unkind want of attention in his only relation, for his uncle had told Mr. Parker his father and mother were both dead; indeed this had greatly added to the commiseration his helpless infancy and innocent prattle had, from the first moment he saw him, excited in the good man's bosom.

At ten years old Henry began to give proofs of surprising genius and strong natural parts, and Mr. Parker prognosticated in the pride of his honest heart to his intimate acquaintance, that his favourite Harry would do him honour, and few men were better judges of the human heart, or more qualified for the line of life he had adopted. To the most unbounded benevolence, and equanimity of temper, he joined almost universal knowledge, without the slightest tincture of pedantry; and he possessed the rare talent of gaining the affection of his pupils, without

out relaxing from the necessary severe discipline so conducive to order in large seminaries of every denomination.

Ever careful to avoid creating jealousy or dissensions among his numerous pupils, he concealed the partiality he felt for Henry as much as possible in his own bosom, but Henry had experienced such strong and convincing proofs of it in private, that his gratitude for the unexampled kindness he met with, almost surpassed the love this venerable couple bore him; he looked forward to the moment of his departure with the deepest regret, and tears would frequently start into his eyes, whenever the possibility of such an event speedily taking place was mentioned by either his good master or mistress; and the moment arrived much too soon for all parties: for soon after he was turned of fifteen, he received an order from his uncle to bid adieu to Bishop-Auckland, and join him at St. Omer's, where he could finish his education under his own inspection. Con-

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scious this summons did not proceed from affection, Henry prepared with a heavy heart to obey the will of a man he could neither dispute with nor resist.

Mr. and Mrs. Parker tried to inspire him with hopes they by no means entertained, and to fortify his mind against the worst evils that could befall him, promised often to correspond with him, and desired him always to look upon their house as his home. These kind endeavours to console him had a very contrary effect upon the mind of Henry, who now began to see his unfortunate situation in a stronger light than ever, and vainly wished he had been doomed to be a dependent upon their bounty instead of that of a relation, who evidently cared very little about him, and who had most likely formed some plan for his entrance into life, would by no means coincide with his inclination, and which he would most probably be forced to adopt, or forfeit all claim to his uncle's protection.

Such

Such were his unpleasant reflections on the day preceding his departure. He was sitting with Mr. and Mrs. Parker, who, almost as much in need of consolation as himself, had tried in vain to support an uninteresting desultory conversation upon indifferent subjects, (not daring to mention the one nearest their heart) till observing Henry, who had merely answered by monosyllables their different questions, quite absorbed by the silent grief prayed upon his mind, Mrs Parker approached him, wishing to break in upon his reverie, and speak some comfort to his wounded mind; she looked at him in silence for some seconds, till their eyes met; she tried to say something to cheer his drooping spirits, but the first word hung so long upon her lips, that her full heart overflowed at her eyes, and thus her kind intentions were totally defeated. Henry had rose from his seat, and guessing what she would have said, flung his arms around her neck; she pressed him to her bosom, while they mingled their tears in silence. Mr.

Parker said something, but Henry, unable to answer, and wishing to regain some small share of fortitude, rushed out of the room. To describe the parting scene between him and this amiable couple would be impossible, suffice it to say, early the next morning he proceeded to Durham, mounted the roof of the Newcastle coach, and, after a very expeditious, if not a very pleasant journey, arrived in London, proceeded from thence to Dover, crossed with the first packet, and landed very safe at Calais. Determined not to give way to unavailing regret, he had tried as much as possible to look forward with hope, visited every thing worthy notice at Calais, and set out the morning after his arrival there in a sort of barge or covered lighter for St. Omer's.

CHAP. II.

HIS reception, when he reached the place of his destination, was by no means calculated to eradicate the gloomy ideas he had formed of his future situation. As he was totally ignorant of the French language, his fresh water voyage, which lasted from six in the morning to the same hour in the evening, passed almost in total silence on his side, and

and not very pleasantly, for the country was flat and dreary, and the appearance of dirt and poverty he remarked in the French villages, did not give him a very high opinion of the country he was henceforward (at least for some time) to reside in.

As soon as the barge was moored, he heard some body call out for a person of his name; he instantly advanced, and found it was Mr. William Westhorpe, his eldest cousin: very little past; each said they were glad to see each other, and taking Henry's baggage between them, they proceeded to Mr. Westhorpe's house, which was in the Rue du Commandant, a large, wide, and airy street, in the centre of the town.

During their walk, Mr. William told Henry, his father and brother would have accompanied him to the quay, had they known the precise day of his arrival. This well-timed excuse rather raised Henry's spirits, but unfortunately his uncle was not
at

at home when they reached his house, and Mrs. Westhorpe had seized the favourable opportunity to give way to one of her paroxysms of ill-humour; she was in the middle of a most violent declamation against French servants and undutiful children when Henry and his cousin entered the parlour, she was not at all disconcerted, and even for a minute or more did not affect to perceive his entrance; at last, however, she concluded, by saying, "Sure no one was ever so tormented as I am." Then turning to her son, "What do you stand there for, boy, with the door half open, to give me my death of cold? Come along, child," to Henry, giving him a look to advance, which he did in silent wonder and amaze. She caught hold of his arm when he was near enough, turned him half round, saying, "Well, I can't find out, for my part, what Mr. Westhorpe means by having sent for you over here, I have got torments enough of my own already, but I a'nt allow'd a will of

of my own, God knows, 'tis enough for me to say *white*, for him to say *black*. Why are you bewitched or tongue-tied, boy, that you ha'nt a word to say for yourself, your schooling seems to have been all thrown away upon you—why don't you put your bundle down?

Henry did as he was ordered, and most fervently wished himself again at Bishop-Auckland; tried to say something might please his mild aunt, who cut him short in an instant, saying,

“I want none of your flummery, boy, I only wish I was allow'd a little peace, but my troubles increase every day; I wonder why you was not put out 'prentice to some honest tradesman in England, for what use jabbering French will be to you, God knows; however, if Mr. Westhorpe don't make me a proper allowance for your board, you sha'nt stay here, I can tell you that, for I have enough to do as it is to make both ends meet;

meet ; but I wo'nt be the slave I have been to him and his beggarly relations, if I am to his impudent children, whom he encourages to pull my eyes out.

Henry did not venture to interrupt this good-tempered harangue ; however, to his great relief, and no small joy, the entrance of her lord and master put an instantaneous stop to her volubility. Henry, who easily guessed who he was, by the effect his entrance seemed to have upon his good-tempered wife, went to meet him, and tried to express something like pleasure at seeing him.

Mr. Westhorpe's reception, though very deficient Henry thought in point of affection, was still infinitely more flattering than his aunt's had been ; he called him a fine youth, asked him a few trifling questions, and told him in a few days he meant to place him at the English college, that he had already spoken to the principal about him, and hoped he would endeavour to do honour

honour to his recommendation and protection.

Henry returned him thanks for (what he termed) this fresh proof of his kindness towards him, in terms which seemed to please and flatter Mr. Westhorpe's predominant failing; in fact, he rejoiced at the idea of not inhabiting for any length of time the same house with his aunt, and thought the strictest rules of any college must still make it a very desirable abode when compared to his uncle's house, as it was now become pretty evident to him, upon what agreeable terms Mr. and Mrs. Westhorpe lived, for she was certainly ignorant of her husband's intentions respecting Henry when he first arrived, and she seemed very much disappointed upon finding she should hardly have time to vent the stock of spleen she had treasured up for this occasion.

Upon the fourth day after his arrival, during which time he had many more proofs
of

of the excellence of his aunt's disposition, which shewed itself upon the most trivial occasions, he took up his abode at the English college, so named from all the professors being of that nation; it had formerly belonged to one of the numerous societies of Jesuits, and was now a large seminary for the education of English youths, who professed the Catholick religion, but as their rules did not exclude Protestants from participating in the benefits it held forth; there were usually more of the latter than the former.

In this seminary Henry spent the three ensuing years in a state of comparative happiness to what his life would have been had he been continually exposed to the insults, caprices, and abominable temper of his aunt; his extensive knowledge and real learning had acquired him the esteem and friendship of most of the professors, but unfortunately though they all wished to serve him, situated as they were, they had very little power; but he derived one very great benefit from their
friendship,

friendship, he received lessons from all the supernumerary masters gratis, and was allowed to attend all the public lectures and exercises.

He looked upon the few visits he was under the necessity of paying his uncle and family as by far the most uncomfortable part of his time, always treated with a coldness, bordering on contempt, by Mr. Westhorpe, and with a total indifference by his two male cousins, who prosecuted their studies at home under their father's eye. Mrs. Westhorpe and her daughter's sarcasms and ill-natured remarks were almost a relief to him.

Mr. Westhorpe preserved the most obstinate silence respecting his future intentions, and was always deaf to the numerous hints Henry threw out, in order to learn what line of life he meant him to pursue, and he could only attribute the tardiness of his uncle's decision to his not knowing what to do with him,

him, for several of the professors had told Mr. Westhorpe it was not in their power to teach his nephew any thing more, and that he was now qualified to re-place any of them; this he frequently did when any of the gentlemen were indisposed or chose to indulge. Mr. Westhorpe listened to the encomiums bestowed upon him with the utmost sangfroid, merely said he was glad Henry knew how to appreciate the friendship of such kind patrons, hoped he was qualified for any profession, but went no further, so patience was Henry's only resource. Among those of his companions nearest his own age was a Mr. Astley, much his superior in point of birth and fortune, as he was the second son of Lord Mowbray, a rigid Catholick, which had been his inducement for sending his son to St. Omer's.

Frederick Astley was gay, nay volatile, to an excess, but possessed an excellent heart, which atoned for all his levity in Henry's eyes, who acted in the double capacity of his
tutor

tutor and friend, for he had frankly told professor B. who was his private preceptor, Henry could teach him more in an hour than he could in a week ; the professor, by way of punishment, had turned him over to Henry's instructions, and whether the latter's method of inculcating his precepts was more simple, or more adapted to his pupil's capacity, or whether Frederick was determined to mortify the professor by studying with much more zeal under his friend's tuition, certain it is, he made a very rapid progress in whatever Henry undertook to teach him. As they were upon the most intimate footing, Frederick had learnt his kind friend's history, at least all that Henry knew of himself, and was very ardent in his desire to serve him ; but it was some time before he ventured to propose writing to Lord Mowbray in his behalf, whom he was certain had interest enough to procure him some place would at least secure him independence, or get him into the British land or naval service, acknowledging he had often mentioned him to his

his father, and had enumerated the obligations he had laid him under, produced several of Lord Mowbray's letters, in which he mentioned his young tutor with great kindness, and desired his son to assure him how grateful he was for the attention and care he bestowed upon him.

Henry was very much flattered by the kind interest Frederick Astley took in his future welfare, but waved all his generous offers with a modesty and discretion which only served to increase the other's zeal. But the excellent Mr. Parker had early instilled a certain degree of proper pride into his youthful mind, made him very cautious of laying himself under obligations; besides, much about this time, from some hints his uncle had thrown out, he began to hope he meant to do something for him, and Henry had come to a resolution to subscribe blindly to any proposal which might tend in time to procure him independence.

One Sunday, while taking an afternoon's walk with Mr. Westhorpe, this gentleman surprised him agreeably, by asking him if he should have any objection to enter the French army.

"None in the world," Henry assured him.

Mr. Westhorpe, with the air of a man who has taken time for reflection before he speaks, now said, "During my long residence at St. Omers, I have become in some degree intimate with a Scotch knight of St. Lewis, you may probably have heard mentioned by some of the professors, the Chevalier Marcharty, who has some power, I know, and upon my mentioning you to him the other day, he professed a great inclination to serve you, has invited me to dine with him to-morrow, and has desired I would bring you with me, therefore hold yourself in readiness, it is now time to bring you forward in life; and I should not have kept you so long at
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the College, had I not thought you would receive more benefit by continuing there than you possibly could from residing in my house.

Their arrival at the gates of St. Omers changed the conversation, and Henry returned to the college in a happier frame of mind than he had been for some time, though his prospects of independence were still at some distance.

CHAP. III.

THE following day he was introduced to the Chevalier Macharty, whom he had frequently heard mentioned as a most excellent man, and soon found report barely did him justice.

The Chevalier was no less pleased with Henry, and seldom let a day elapse, after they became acquainted, without either sending for him to his apartment, or calling upon him at the college, he had promised to exert all his interest in his favour during their

their first interview, and often lamented in their subsequent conversations the mediocrity of his fortune, which prevented him from providing for him as he could have wished, as it was, his friendship, interest, and advice were all he had to bestow, and he would strain every nerve to serve him.

Henry thought himself happy in having acquired such a friend, and tried, by every means in his power to convince the Chevalier of his heart-felt gratitude for his kind promises, and for several very genteel presents, which were made in the most delicate manner, and which enabled him to appear in some of the first circles in the town.

His elegant, manly figure, and rare accomplishments, soon made him a welcome visitor every where. The Chevalier was never invited to any party, without being entreated to bring his protégé in his hand, to the no small delight of the good old man, who

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soon

soon became very strongly attached to his young friend.

Mr. Westhorpe saw their increasing intimacy with great delight, and began to hope his nephew was amply provided for; at all events, he found he would no longer be a very heavy burthen to him; for if the Chevalier lived, he would most probably leave him enough to exist upon; and should Henry be unfortunate enough to disoblige the old fellow, he should have an excellent excuse to turn his back upon him, without incurring the censure of the world.

Mrs. Westhorpe's sentiments by no means coincided with her husband's, (indeed this seldom or ever happened) but she was excessively angry, and very much mortified to see this beggar of a relation (the usual appellation she honoured Henry with) frequent the first company in St. Omers, while she and her amiable children were totally overlooked, though they had now resided upward

ward of thirteen years in the town. Altogether, this was more than her mild temper could bear, and she determined to remonstrate with Mr. Westhorpe, though she knew it would be in vain, and a vast many family quarrels were the consequence of this resolution.

“She foresaw pride and vanity would prove the boy’s ruin, and she should rejoice for one, as she had discharged her duty by him; and if Mr. Westhorpe would not be ruled, why he must e’en go on in his own perverse way; however, sooner or later, he would remember her words when she was cold in her grave, perhaps.” Mr. Westhorpe did not care how soon she verified the last part of her prediction, and as for the first, it passed unnoticed.

Henry’s visits became much less frequent, as he found they were always the occasion of a violent altercation between his uncle and aunt. At last, however, in order to make a

display of his absolute power, Mr. Westhorpe chose to take Henry from College, and fix him for the present in his own house, assuring him at the same time he would make every thing as agreeable as possible during his residence under his roof.

Henry had no alternative, therefore complied with his uncle's orders with a good grace, and made a resolution never to take the least notice of what his aunt might say during her fits of spleen and caprice; now had he sedulously studied how most to torment her, he could not have succeeded better, for no one thing provoked her so much as to hear her taunting, ill-natured speeches unmoved; she lost half her power in her own eyes, if she could not exasperate her devoted victims.

Frederick Astley had returned to England a few weeks before Henry left the college; the two friends had parted with the deepest regret on both sides, and Frederick had ex-
acted

acted a promise from Henry to write to him often, and made him almost swear he would not take any step of importance without letting him know. Henry, who guessed his generous motives, made him promise on his part not to trouble Lord Mowbray about him, at least for a twelvemonth, if he saw no chance of getting into the French service by that time, he would return to England, and trust to his friendship and my Lord's interest for his future provision.

CHAP. IV.

MR. Westhorpe, who had in vain opposed her husband's intention of taking Henry home, now only strove to make every thing as disagreeable and uncomfortable as possible to the innocent object of her aversion.

Mr. Westhorpe perceiving her kind intentions, spoke now more in the imperative tone than he had ever done before, and even enforced his threats by oaths; this only redoubled the good lady's rancour towards Henry, to whose misrepresentations of her conduct

conduct she openly attributed the increasing severity in her husband's language and manners.

Every trifling luxury (if such they might be termed) the family had formerly been allowed were now retrenched. This, of course, produced complaints from all quarters, which was exactly what she wished and had expected, because they afforded her such an excellent opportunity of giving way to her natural temper. Upon these occasions she would often say, "It is impossible to live as we have done; no one knows so well as myself how expensive housekeeping is for so large a family, but some folks can be generous to strangers, and would not care if they starved their own flesh and blood."

This was one of the most gross speeches she had ever ventured to make in Mr. Wetherthorpe's presence, and she would most likely have paid dear for her imprudence, if Henry, who had heard her with the utmost patience,

had not interrupted his uncle's "By G—d, madam, flesh and blood can't bear this," by saying, "Pray, Sir——"

This kind interference only served to increase the lady's wrath, who said in a voice choaked with passion, "None of your prayers for me, fellow, I only wish you would kill me at once, Mr. Westhorpe, I am tired of the life I lead, a toad under a harrow has a better; me, who brought you a handsome fortune, to be now obliged to work and slave for—

"One word more, madam, upon this subject," said the enraged husband, "and you shall repent it as long as you live."

This serious threat, and the menacing look which accompanied it, convinced her, no prayers would save her if she presumed to provoke him any further, so she sunk into sullen silence, and returned only yes or no
to

to all the speeches addressed to her for the two following days.

Henry spent as little of his time at home as the respect he owed his uncle would admit of. The Chevalier Macharty knew how disagreeably he was situated, though he had too much pride to complain, and would have offered him a room in his apartment, could he have done it with propriety, while he had so near a relation a resident in the town; as it was, he frequently invited him to dine and sup with him, and took him with him where ever he visited.

Henry had spent about three months at his uncle's, without having been allowed to eat one of the few meals he took there in any degree of comfort; breakfast, dinner, tea, or supper, were always the prelude of a wrangle, if not a serious quarrel.

One morning, after a most violent fracas, Henry went to the Chevalier's, who could not help remarking his spirits seemed unusu-

ally depressed, and by way of raising them, said, "I have some good news to impart, my dear Harry. A friend of mine, whom I have long been expecting, will be here to-morrow; he possesses great power, and never yet refused me any favour I ever asked of him; in short, he is really one of the best men this country produces, and I shall be particularly happy to introduce you to his notice; he is colonel of the regiment of R——, which comes into garrison here to-morrow, you have most probably heard; he need not have accompanied it, but he makes it a rule to travel with his men when they change their quarters, and to see them all comfortably situated when they reach the place of their destination; it is one of his maxims to make every one under his command as happy as lies in his power.

The Chevalier said a great deal more in praise of this nobleman, whom Henry wished very much to become acquainted with, but hardly dare hope such a man would think
such

such an insignificant being as himself worthy his attention.

The Marquis D'Orcy, then colonel of the regiment of R—, was just in the prime of life, between three and four and thirty, last male heir of one of the first families in France, and in possession of a princely fortune; to a very fine figure, he united an excellent heart, and very strong principles of honour, naturally fond of pleasure, but an enemy to idle dissipation; a great admirer of the fair sex, and stood very high in their good graces, yet his name was not celebrated in the annals of gallantry Paris afforded; the fact was, he did not aspire to the name of a man *a bonnes fortunes*, he was brave to an excess, and as liberal as he was humane.

No contempt or bitterness

Were in him: pride and sharpness, if there were

His equal, had awaked them; and his honour

Clock to itself knew the true minute, when

Exception bid him speak, and at that time

His

His tongue obey'd the hand; Who were below him,
He us'd as creatures of another place,
And bow'd his eminent tops to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility :
In their poor praise he humbled. Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times.

SHAKESPEARE.

He had long known and respected the Chevalier Macharty, who hastened to pay his compliments to him as soon as he heard of his arrival.

He was received more like a father than a friend by the Marquis, who with that true politeness, so constantly the characteristic of generous minds, entered into several minute details concerning himself, and exacted the same in return from the Chevalier ; seemed interested in every thing that concerned him, and thus innocently gratified the good man's vanity, by raising his consequence even in his own eyes, and encouraged him to mention in the warmest terms his young favourite.

“ I

"I am convinced, my worthy friend," said the Marquis, you would not feel yourself thus interested for an undeserving object, therefore let me see your young countryman, bring him with you to dine with me to-morrow."

The Chevalier bowed assent, and said, "You flatter me excessively, my noble friend; I am sure you will like Henry Westhorpe."

The Marquis perceiving how anxious the Chevalier seemed to give him a high opinion of this young man, asked him a few questions concerning him.

Few people would be more eloquent or plead so much to the heart as the Chevalier, when he found himself interested in a good cause.

The Marquis listened with the kindest attention to all the encomiums he bestowed upon

upon his young protégé, and his countenance expressed the interest he took in the recital, while the Chevalier expatiated upon his dependant and uncomfortable situation, future expectations, &c.

“Upon my word,” said the Marquis, when he had concluded, “I never felt myself so strongly inclined to serve any body I am so totally unacquainted with, but I am sure he won’t disgrace your recommendation; and I will use my interest in his favour, I give you my word and honour, if neither he nor his friends are averse to his entering the French service.”

The good old man, overjoyed at having succeeded so well, assured the Marquis, it was the ardent wish of the young man to be admitted into the French army, and his uncle would be rejoiced at the idea of his having such a prospect. He then expressed his gratitude in the strongest terms, protesting any favour conferred upon this young
man

man was laying him under a double obligation. He then took his leave and hastened to Mr. Westhorpe's, to impart the success which had attended his first attempt in Henry's favour.

Mr. Westhorpe seemed particularly happy, and pointed out to his nephew in the strongest terms the necessity of cultivating the Marquis's favour, even hinted he ought to obtain it at any price.

Henry coloured most violently, and felt excessively hurt at the want of delicacy his uncle betrayed before the Chevalier; but abject submission even to the great had not been a precept Mr. Parker had endeavoured to enforce. He was therefore determined, let what would be the consequence, never to put it in practice.

The Chevalier, who easily guessed what passed in Henry's heart, kindly said, "Only behave to the Marquis, my dear Harry, as
you

you have always done to me, and I will ensure you his protection and friendship." He then retired, desiring Henry to breakfast with him the next morning, adding with a smile, "I shall be sure then you will be in time to accompany me to our dinner-visit.

As soon as he was gone, Mr. Westhorpe, who was in a remarkable good humour, congratulated Henry upon his good fortune, while his wife, who had chose, through caprice, to remain silent during the Chevalier's visit, now broke out into the following exclamations. "Will there never be an end to your absurdities, Mr. Westhorpe? the older you grow, the more foolish you get; is not that lazy fellow proud and silly enough already, or are you bent upon quite turning his weak brains, to suffer that old fool of a Chevalier to take him to this Marquis, because you think this great man is going to provide for the beggar; he will only serve my Lord Marquis and his company for a laughing-stock, and when they have rendered

dered him unfit for any thing, then you must give him a fortune to set up gentleman. You might be ashamed of yourself for giving him the encouragement you do, to play the fool, and to allow him to idle away his time in the manner he does. Why don't you put him into some honest way of getting his bread, which you ought to have done years ago? bind him 'prentice for three years, he a'nt too old for that now, or else let him return to old Parker's, who pretends to be so fond of him, he may do for an usher in a country school."

Mr. Westhorpe, as has been before observed, was in one of his best humours, or he would have silenced the loquacious lady much sooner, but he determined to see how far she dare go; his patience, however, being exhausted before she had half finished her catalogue of complaints, he now desired her, in a peremptory tone, to hold her foolish tongue, and not to give her advice unasked. This seasonable rebuke produced a violent
stood

flood of tears, and the gentle matron, sobbing as if her heart would break, began to lament her hard fate ; she must not speak at all soon, she supposed, but she saw, and had for some time, what he was driving at ; he only wanted to break her heart, and thank God he would soon have his wish, she should not be able to bear up much longer under such cruel treatment, and then he and his worthless nephew might dance over her grave.

In the midst of her sobs and lamentations, Cecile, their only servant, entered the parlour, with a basket of provisions she had been purchasing at market ; having been long accustomed to these sorts of scenes, she took no kind of notice, but approaching her mistress, begged she would inspect what she had bought, adding, with that freedom (the characteristic of her nation) “ Let’s see if the virgin has worked a miracle in my favour this morning, and for once in my life I have been able to please you.”

Mrs.

Mrs. Westhorpe put no faith in miracles, and Cecile's exordium was not calculated to banish her ill-humour. "A fine time of day, truly," she began, "you are another of the torments of my life, pray God preserve me from French servants, French cookery, and French manners, but I am doomed to live in a country I hate, and among wretches I despise, for other people's follies."

Mr. Westhorpe started up, and darting a furious look at the meek companion of his bed, fearful of giving way to the rage her last hint had excited, he prudently left the room.

Henry was going to follow his example, but Mrs. Westhorpe, in a sort of penitential tone, thinking she had gone rather too far this time, said, "Give me my account-book, Henry, I can't reach that shelf without a chair."

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He obeyed, and Cecile was desired to display her purchases. The first thing she took out of her basket was a hare. "There, I knew how it would be," said her mild mistress, "I am sure you only study how to provoke me, but there must and shall be an end to such goings on; I will send to Scotland for a servant before I will be plagued and cheated as I am; I ordered a couple of rabbits as plain as I could speak, and out of the spirit of contradiction you chose to buy a hare."

Cecile knew there was but one way of dealing with her mistress, she therefore retorted in a higher tone, than her own protesting, she had bought what she ordered, and had paraded the market over and over in search of a hare; but this was always the way, however she might go to market herself next time, for she was tired of trying to humour her fancies, and she might send to the d—v—l for a servant for what she cared,
for

for she would not stay to be treated as she had been.

During this speech Mrs. Westhorpe flung the unfortunate hare into the middle of the room, Cecile picked it up, and seemed undecided whether she should not knock it about her mistress's ears.

Henry gave her an encouraging look, but left the room, knowing he should have expired with laughing had a battle royal ensued, but he was disappointed in his expectations, for after an obstinate wrangle, which was kept up with great spirit on both sides, as neither party seemed inclined to give up to the other, they ceased quarrelling by mutual consent, and thus, for a short time, peace was once more restored in this happy family.

CHAP. V.

THE next day Henry breakfasted with the kind Chevalier, and between one and two they proceeded to the Marquis's apartments; neither this great man nor Henry were disappointed in the ideas they had formed of each other. The Marquis's affability and good-humour soon dispersed the momentary embarrassment Henry felt upon being for the first time in his life in company with a man so much every way his superior; and before they separated, he was as much

at

at his ease in his presence as he would have been in a *tête-à-tête* with the gay Frederick.

The Marquis desired, when they parted, he might see him often during his stay, which he did not mean should exceed a couple of months. Henry felt himself too much flattered by this kind invitation not to repeat his visits, and every succeeding one increased his respect and attachment for the Marquis, who, on his side soon discovered, if he was Henry's superior in point of birth and fortune, this young man had much the advantage of him in point of figure and accomplishments, and was convinced he would do honour to the most exalted situation.

When the Marquis's departure drew near, he asked Henry if he should have any objection to accompany him to Paris?

He read in the young man's intelligent countenance how pleasing the proposal was, and his expressions convinced him how gratefully he felt this fresh proof of his kindness; but he was forced to hint to the Marquis he was not absolutely his own master.

The Marquis promised to rescind any scruples Mr. Westhorpe might propose, and that very day waited upon this gentleman to request his permission in form.

Mr. Westhorpe was really overjoyed, and paid the Marquis a vast many far-fetched compliments upon his condescension, benevolence, &c. &c. then proceeded, by way of a return for his unexampled goodness towards his nephew (as he termed it) to inform him he was an orphan, and had been from his earliest infancy; that he was the only child of his only sister, who had at a very early age ran away with a young officer, who had nothing but his pay to depend upon. In giving birth to this child she lost her life,
and

and her husband, a wild profligate young fellow, soon after went abroad with his regiment, and fell a martyr to his country's cause at the siege of Quebec. As soon as he learnt the melancholy tidings, he looked upon it as his duty to take care of the child this unfortunate couple had left behind them; he had therefore brought him up as his own, and made the most of the trifling sum his father died worth, which might amount to near five hundred pounds by the time Henry became of age, as he had hitherto educated and cloathed him in a great measure at his own expence; that it was by his father's desire he bore the name of Westhorpe, who thought (and very justly) it was a far more respectable one than his own.

Mr. Westhorpe next expatiated, with no small demonstrations of self-applause, upon the excellent education he had bestowed upon Henry, concluding by saying, in this case he had acted from principle, and had

determined the world should see he had done his duty by his sister's son.

He was rather disappointed to find this heroic action did not strike the Marquis very forcibly, at least he bestowed none of those praises upon his zeal and disinterestedness the former thought so much his due. He merely thanked Mr. Westhorpe for this proof of his confidence, and promised to exert his power to provide for this unfortunate young man, whom he truly pitied, and sincerely esteemed.

The Marquis, it has already been said, was an only son, was still a bachelor, had no near relations, therefore thought he could not better dispose of some part of his immense property than in favour of Henry Westhorpe, whom he began to look upon in the light of a beloved younger brother, and determined to provide for accordingly.— As all obstacles to his accompanying him to Paris were removed, the Marquis gave orders

orders for his departure, and fixed the day upon which he meant to bid adieu to St. Omers.

Henry took leave of all his friends, and prepared, with no trifling degree of satisfaction, to attend his amiable benefactor ; but on the evening preceding his departure, Mr. Westhorpe chose, in a *tête-à-tête* conference, to repeat nearly what he had told the Marquis, concluded by exhorting him to cultivate this great man's friendship, who would certainly exert his credit and power in his behalf, if they continued upon friendly terms, warning him not to place a too implicit faith in his promises, and advising him to accept of the first thing that offered.

Henry listened very attentively to the story of his parents marriage, their subsequent death, &c. and was very happy to find he was not what many people thought, and he had been sometimes tempted to believe himself, a natural son of Mr. West-

thorpe's; but he was not so easily satisfied as the Marquis had been, he therefore ventured to ask what his father's name was, and if he had no relations living on his side.

"None" was the answer, "at least that will ever take any notice of you, so to prevent your being imprudent enough to set up a claim you could never establish, or to apply to people, would only insult you and your mother's memory. I don't chuse, at least for the present, to answer your question; the name you have hitherto born will never be a disgrace to you, it is one of the most respectable in the county of Lincoln."

This evasive answer only increased Henry's curiosity. What claim was his uncle averse to his enforcing? why this unnecessary mystery respecting his family name? However, patience was now, as it formerly had been, his only remedy, there might come a time, he thought, when he could request a solution of this riddle, with rather more authority and

and likelihood of success; he therefore let the subject drop for the present, and the next day set out for Paris.

He had merely taken a sort of glimpse of London as he drove through it in the dusk of the evening, and was too fatigued to think of walking about when he reached the inn the coach put up at, particularly as he meant to proceed to Dover the next morning, and having never resided in a larger town than St. Omers, he was excessively struck by the magnificence and luxury displayed in the capital of France.

The Marquis's hotel was in the Rue, Neuve St. Augustin, and opened backwards into a large garden, which terminated in an iron railing, overlooked what was termed the Beau Boulevards. Henry viewed with wonder and amaze to what an excelsiart, nature, and luxury had combined to embellish this truly delightful abode, and wondered how the Marquis could exist in the

apartments he occupied at St Omers. Paris seemed almost a new world to him, and the natural vivacity of his disposition, which had long lain dormant, now resumed its full empire to the great joy of the Marquis, whose chief pleasure consisted in trying to make all those around him happy, and by way of removing every remaining cloud from Henry's brow, and every serious reflection upon the future from his mind, he exerted himself so successfully in his favour, that within a month after their arrival in Paris, he told him during breakfast, that wishing to see him at least in the road to preferment, he had procured him a lieutenant's commission in a Swiss Protestant regiment.

It may easily be supposed with what joy Henry received this news, but the Marquis would not allow him to express half what he felt, protesting, if he laid under any obligation, it was to Baron Falkenheim, now his Colonel, to whom he was introduced by his kind friend that very day, and was received
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by the Baron with the utmost cordiality and good-humour.

The Baron, who was between fifty and sixty, bore a very strong resemblance in many respects to the Chevalier Macharty, but possessed infinitely more wit and humour, blended with that blunt frankness his nation are renowned for; he had long been intimate with the Marquis D'Orcy, and was particularly happy he had it in his power in this instance to oblige a man he sincerely esteemed.

He invited Henry, whom he soon grew very fond of, to visit him without any ceremony, and desired him to remember he was his friend, before he reflected he was his colonel.

By these means Henry was very soon initiated into all the gaieties the capital afforded, and truly enjoyed the scenes he every day witnessed, and of which he constantly partook; he thus acquired almost insensibly

all that was wanting to render him the perfect fine gentleman.

The Marquis D'Orcy was infinitely too much so, to give into all the reigning foibles fashion authorises, he laughed with Baron Falkenheim at the multitude of *petit maitres*,* who strove to become celebrated by some ridicule attached to the fashion of the moment, and strenuously advised his docile pupil to avoid any such follies; but as Henry had adopted his generous patron for his model, the Marquis's cautions on this score were needless.

He had imparted his present and future prospects to Mr. Parker and Frederick Astley; the former congratulated him very sincerely, but acknowledged he was selfish

* This word cannot be expressed by the English fop or coxcomb; the Parisian *petit maitre* is far superior to either of these appellations, he is an elegant man of fashion, subjected to a few ridicules, have obtained him this *Nom de guerre*, or nick-name.

enough.

enough to wish he had returned to assist him in his labours at Bishop-Auckland, as he was afraid he must now give up all thoughts of ever seeing him again, since his situation in the French army would render it highly improbable he should ever again quit that country.

Frederick expressed the pleasure Henry's intelligence gave him in his usual gay manner, and concluded by saying, he was very glad his religion precluded him from entering the British army, as he should not have enjoyed meeting Henry as an enemy, but should always sincerely rejoice to hear of his welfare.

Henry did not like the train of reflections Mr. Parker's kind regret occasioned, therefore shook them off as fast as he could, and repeated to himself a maxim of Baron Falkenheim's, who always maintained, if a man did but do his duty, it was of little consequence under what colours he fought, so he was but

true to the cause he was engaged in, and concluded by determining to pay the worthy couple at Bishop-Auckland a visit as soon as he had it in his power.

Mr. Westhorpe, whom he had also apprized of his promotion, wrote a letter of thanks to the Marquis, and one expressive of his joy to Henry, in which he inclosed a bill upon Paris for a hundred pounds to fit him out properly.

CHAP. VI.

AS the spring approached, the Marquis told Henry he meant to take a short tour with him previous to his going to Strasburgh, where the regiment of Falkenheim then was, as it would be necessary he should spend at least a few months with his brother officers.

Though Henry was hurt at the idea of a separation from the Marquis, still as he could neither hope nor expect to pass his life with him

him, he immediately agreed to his proposal, therefore, in the middle of April, the Marquis and him left Paris; and after a very agreeable journey, and having visited every town of any note in that quarter of France, they arrived at Strasburgh; and Henry, now equipped *en militaire*, was the next morning presented by his amiable friend to all the officers of his regiment; one only excepted, who was a North-Briton, they were all Swiss, and received their new comrade with the greatest politeness, particularly Captain Beattie, his countryman; and Henry was excessively pleased to find himself not the only Englishman in the corps, and in less than a month he was quite at home among his new companions, and soon found he was infinitely better off than he would have been in a national regiment, as the inferior French officers are generally low-bred, illiterate coxcombs; the younger sons of the provincial nobility, who depend chiefly upon their pay for a livelihood, and their sword (which they

they draw upon the most trivial occasions) for respect.

The Marquis finding Henry tolerably well reconciled to his new situation, returned to Paris, after having agreed the latter should join him at St. Omers towards the end of June, but this point was to be more fully debated by letters, as Baron Falkenheim had left the Marquis the absolute disposal of Henry's time during the present peace, well understood.

The two ensuing months soon slipped away, amidst the gay society and various amusements this populous city afforded; at the end of which time Henry received a letter from the Marquis, appointing the time of their meeting at St. Omers; it also informed him of his amiable friend's intention to visit Spa during the Summer.

Henry enjoyed the idea of seeing a place he had heard so much of, and foresaw great amusement

amusement from the mixture of company, and even nations resorted for health and pleasure, or by way of lounging away their time to partake of these celebrated waters.

He soon fixed the day for his departure, and he would really have taken leave of some of his new friends with regret, if he had not been going to meet the Marquis D'Orcy.

He drove to an inn on his arrival at St. Omers, and knowing he had taken an advance of a couple of days upon his friend; he determined to visit all his old friends and acquaintance in the interim, and began with his uncle.

Mr. Westhorpe protested he was very happy to see him, paid him some very just compliments upon his looks, and declared regimentals became him excessively.

Mrs. Westhorpe did not move from her chair, merely eyed Henry during her husband's

band's speech with marks of evident disdain and ill-humour; and when he ceased speaking, said, with a malicious bitter smile, might be more properly denominated a grin, "So I presume you are come in search of a lodging, Harry, and I suppose the garret will hardly be good enough for you; however, you have Hobson's choice, recollect; I am sure those that look at you will join with me in saying, it is better to be born fortunate than rich."

"How can you give way to this vile temper of your's so eternally?" said her husband, with a look that seemed to say I won't be angry if I can possibly avoid it.

"My vile temper! Mr. Westhorpe, you mean your own, and I am sure you might be ashamed of yourself to see that fellow dressed as he is, while your own sons are as shabby as if they belonged to a parish; since you had such great friends, why did not you try to provide for your own family in the room of other people's impudent proud brats, but I believe you hate my children merely because I am their mother."

Sure

"Sure some malicious daemon, enemy to my repose, led me to make you my wife," said the enraged husband; no one will be allowed to enter my doors soon without being insulted. Come along, Henry, you shall sup with me at the inn you drove to on your arrival."

"Most willingly, my dear uncle, but I must first pay my respects to Chevalier Marchanty, he would certainly have great reason to be offended, were I to defer waiting upon him till morning."

"True," said Mr. Westhorpe, "I will follow you thither in a few minutes."

Henry therefore took his leave, hoping his aunt would have some reason to remember his return to St. Omers.

The Chevalier was truly delighted to see his favourite young friend, his kind reception made Henry ample amends for his aunt's want of feeling. When the good man heard how he was engaged, he protested he would not part with him, so sent for Mr. Westhorpe

thorpe to join them, and engaged Henry to a *tête-à-tête* dinner the next day. As this was mentioned during supper, Mr. Westhorpe requested they would both spend the evening with him, to which they consented.

Mrs. Westhorpe's ill-humour and mean spite now merely served to divert Henry; he did not trouble her for her garret, but slept very comfortably at the Hotel de Dunkerque, spent a very agreeable day with his old friend, and in visiting the English college and all his former acquaintance.

In the evening they adjourned to Mr. Westhorpe's, where they were diverted by a fresh specimen of Mrs. Westhorpe's capricious humour. At the upper end of the room they were shewn into, stood two arm chairs, and near the door, upon a joint stool, formerly allotted to Henry, sat the mistress of the house; her children were all gone upon a visit to Dunkirk. She rose when the Chevalier and Henry entered, and with
a most

a most profound curtesy, and a very gracious smile, entreated them to take possession of the arm chairs already mentioned, saying, in a most agreeable tone, "Mr. Westhorpe should not have it to say in future she did not pay a proper respect to his guests, let them be kings or beggars."

Henry could not refrain from smiling at this ridiculous woman's absurdities; the Chevalier gave him a look, which said, "What does all this mean?" but Mr. Westhorpe unwilling to make him a spectator of their domestic feuds, affected to laugh, and desired his wife not to be so silly, the Chevalier would think her in earnest.

This she was determined should be the case, so said, in a most agreeable tone, "O pray laugh, Mr. Westhorpe, I am glad I am fortunate enough to divert you, but perhaps you would like to have the room to yourselves, that you might turn my obedience to your orders into ridicule; pray let me know if I am in the way, I can retire into the kitchen,

kitchen, which you often tell me is the fittest place for me.

The Chevalier seeing with what difficulty Henry kept his countenance, turned with him to the window, while Mr. Westhorpe giving his wife a look she perfectly understood, took a turn across the room.

It is easy to be supposed what sort of an evening the Chevalier and Henry spent with this happy couple ; however, they had a very hearty laugh, when they retired, at the past scene, and a few similar ones Henry amused the Chevalier with, to convince him no particular insult was intended him, and that these fits were habitual.

On the following day the Marquis arrived, and having altered his first intention of spending a month with his regiment before he proceeded to Spa ; upon reflecting, that by that means they should miss the full season, he determined to spend six weeks at St. Omers on his return, and immediately
set

set out for Lisle with his younger brother, as he now styled Henry, whom he was very happy to meet, and to find in such excellent health and spirits.

CHAP. VII.

ON their arrival at Spa, they took up their abode at the Hotel de * * *, and soon joined in the pleasures the place afforded.

The Marquis was a very early riser, and by way of enjoying the morning air, they usually rode to the fountain without the town to take their draught, willing to reap some benefit as well as amusement from their
excur-

excursion, though no two people could enjoy a better state of health.

One morning after they had been near a week residents in the Duchy of Liege, having rose sooner than usual, their horses were not ready when they came down stairs, so the Marquis, by way of variety, proposed walking to the Fountain, as the morning was cool and fine. This proposal was readily acceded to by Henry; they therefore left their hotel on foot, and were within a few hundred yards of the place of their destination, when they perceived three ladies advancing towards them, who often looked behind them, as if in some degree of anxious expectation for something or some body, and in a few seconds a carriage came hastening with all speed after them, as if it had been out of the way when wanted, which proved literally to have been the case.

"These ladies have got the start of us," said the Marquis.

"I dont remember ever having seen this party before," said Henry.

They

They were now within a few paces of the female trio ; “ Upon my soul, (he continued) the one in the middle——”

The Marquis, who could not help smiling at Henry's warmth, prevented him from finishing his phrase ; but as they were now close to the ladies, they both had an opportunity of taking a very minute survey of them. The one in the middle, whom Henry had been struck with, now afforded him a full view of as fine a set of features as ever graced a female face ; she was leaning upon an arm of each of her companions, and appeared to be in very high spirits ; she was elegantly dressed, for a morning, in a sort of slight mourning, did not seem more than one or two and twenty, was rather tall, but possessed sufficient *embonpoint* to prevent her looking awkward. Her blooming complexion convinced the Marquis and Henry she had not come to Spa in search of Hygeia's blessings ; a pair of bright blue eyes expressed very strongly the natural vivacity of her disposition,

position, though they beamed with mildness and sensibility so much, that the Marquis could not help exclaiming, "What an amiable disposition does that lovely countenance—"

At that moment the two parties past each other, the carriage was so near, that each turned out of the road, and remained within five or six paces of each other while the coach drew up.

One elderly man servant alighted from behind to open the door. All Henry's faculties were absorbed in the admiration he felt for this unknown fair. The Marquis roused him from his reverie by giving him a pat upon the shoulder, and a look as much as to say, "Why don't you make an offer of your hand?" Henry instantly sprung forward, but was too late; however, the attempt was rewarded by a very gracious smile; he bowed his thanks, and returned, rather mortified at the reflection of his own

want of gallantry, to his companion, who laughed very heartily at his serious looks, and then said in a gay tone, "I am astonished it was necessary to remind you of your duty, Harry; *honneur aux dames*, you know, is a French soldier's motto."

"I hardly knew what I was thinking of, (said Henry) besides, I really thought your Lordship would have stepped forward on such an occasion."

The Marquis gave Henry a look, saying, "There was something very expressive in that pair of blue eyes."

"Don't you think her very handsome, my dear friend?"

"Undoubtedly; and if I may judge by your looks you were of a similar opinion."

"Why positively, this is the first lady ever gave me a true idea of female beauty. I wonder what country claims the honour of her birth?"

"I will undertake to find that out for you," said the Marquis, as they walked towards the fountain.

This

This unknown lady served them for conversation, and the Marquis made a few inquiries concerning her, but no one was able to satisfy his curiosity, and there was no arms upon the carriage, which might have enabled him at least to guess in what part of Europe she resided, nor did the servant wear any livery. This only served to heighten his anxiety, and he determined they would be at the fountain in time the next morning, gave his orders accordingly over night ; but notwithstanding their diligence, no fair incognita was visible upon their arrival ; both seemed disappointed, and the Marquis said, in a half laugh, he presumed the lady wished to punish them for their curiosity.

“ She most likely does not visit the fountain regularly,” said Henry.

This was a question the Marquis had not thought of asking ; he was just going to repair this neglect, as he termed it, when they

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perceived

perceived the carriage she had got into on the preceding morning, but still at some distance. "Here she comes," said the Marquis, "and I will be at the bottom of her history before we part, or acknowledge myself a novice in the art of flattering her sex."

They approached the spot where carriages usually stop, taking care to be rather out of sight, wishing it to appear mere accident had brought them to that place; and the Marquis, with an air of surprise he could assume when required, stepped forward and offered his hand to the fair lady, who looked, if possible improved in point of beauty since they last saw her, Henry thought; while the Marquis attributed her being beyond her time to the additional pains she had taken at her toilette. A Frenchman is seldom at a loss for conversation, and never for an introduction to a handsome woman.

The

The lady accepted the proffered hand with the utmost politeness, and courtesied her thanks for this mark of attention as soon as she was upon the ground, then paid the same compliment to Henry, who remained rather in the back-ground.

"You are a very early riser, fair lady," said the Marquis.

"Generally in the summer season" was her reply.

The Marquis had addressed her in French, and was answered in the same language.

"I think I have the honour of addressing a country woman," said the Marquis.

"I can't deny the charge, Sir," was the answer.

"By that speech, I should presume, Ma'm, you are not partial to your own country, though it stands unrivalled—"

"For its wines," interrupted the lady, with a half smile, "and the frivolity of its natives."

“And pray add, for the beauty and wit of its women,” said the Marquis, in the same tone.

“You are determined to convince me you are a Frenchman, Sir,” said the lady, taking a glance at Henry while she spoke.

“There are certainly many pretty women in France, but very few regular beauties. England is far superior to us in that respect; that Island can boast of having given birth to many handsome women, an appellation I don’t allow the French; and as for wit, there is a sort of fashionable jargon forms it’s general substitute at Paris; had you said we were in general gay, thoughtless, and volatile, you would have paid more regard to truth.”

“I find I must not attempt to flatter a lady of your superior understanding,” said the Marquis.

“Oh! better and better,” said she, laughing, “but before this strong dose of adulation quite turns my weak brains, allow me to advance and take my morning’s draught,

draught, I presume you have already taken your's."

"We have, Ma'm," said the Marquis, "but pray allow us to accompany you to the fountain, since fortune has declared herself so strongly in our favour."

"That young gentleman is your brother, I presume," said she, turning towards Henry, who had hitherto remained silent.

"Only a particular friend, Ma'm, but to whom I am as much attached as if he stood in the relationship you supposed, and perhaps you may not deem him unworthy your notice, when I inform you he is an Englishman."

"When I mentioned my supposition, Sir," said the fair unknown, "I did not speak my real thoughts, for I guessed your young friend was not a Frenchman, he seems so totally free from that redundancy of self-sufficiency, which usually distinguish our countrymen of his age. You perceive, I don't include you, Sir, in my critique," smiling upon the Marquis.

"And if you had, fair lady, I must have forgiven every thing which fell from so beautiful a mouth; but I dare say I shall add to the good opinion you seem to have formed of my companion, when I inform you he is in the French service."

"Oh! I shall begin to think him a phoenix; but diffidence may be carried too far, you know," giving Henry a second look, and her eyes expressed a wish he would join in the conversation.

Thus invited, he did very readily; they chatted about Spa, its environs, diversions, &c.

The Marquis tried in vain to discover who she was, and what had brought her there: her carriage was in waiting at this time, when she talked of taking her leave.

"Before we part, Ma'm," said the Marquis, "I hope you will inform us where we may pay our respects to you at Spa?"

"I

“ I inhabit a small house in the environs, Sir, but I receive no company, and our acquaintance is of too short a date to induce me to make an exception in your favour. Should chance ever throw us again in each other's way, as it has done this morning, I shall be happy to see you ; but for the present, gentlemen, I must bid you adieu.”

“ We have certainly no claim upon your favour, Ma'm,” said the Marquis, “ nor can we expect you will break through your established rule upon our account, at least, as you observe, till you know rather better how you like us. We have therefore only to implore the protection of the fickle goddess, and to hope she will sometimes afford us an opportunity of paying you our compliments.”

“ As they were now close to the carriage, the Marquis handed her in, her two female attendants followed, the same old servant mounted behind, and away they drove. The two friends remained upon the spot for some

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time,

time, while their eyes followed the carriage.

“ Well, till now,” said the Marquis, “ I never put much faith in a woman’s discretion, and would have staked my life I could have induced the most reserved of the sex to unbosom themselves in half an hour’s *tête-à-tête*, but this time I have been quite foiled in the attempt. I almost begin to fancy our heroine is an Englishwoman; a French lady would never have resisted the opportunities I gave her to talk of herself.”

“ I really begin to think she will baffle your utmost skill, Marquis, if she chuses to remain incognita,” said Henry.

“ Oh ! I have hardly had a fair trial yet, Harry ; I must fathom her reasons for leading this recluse life ; I have formed conjectures I am very impatient to have either confirmed or refuted.”

“ If I am not impertinent, what are your real thoughts of this lady ?”

“ Why I begin to suspect she is some great man’s mistress, who wishes to be
thought

thought a second *Ninon de L'Enclos*; for a woman of her gay disposition must have some very powerful motives to induce her to seclude herself from society in so public a place, and as I don't look upon it to be the effect of choice, I think it must be occasioned by the jealousy of some antiquated lover, who is conscious he is undeserving of her affection."

"Now may not she live thus retired in compliance to a husband's will, who may be as old and jealous as you suppose her lover to be? but really, my dear friend, I don't think you judge this unknown lady with your accustomed charity."

"I commend you very much for standing forth her champion, Henry, since she certainly discovered no small predilection in your favour."

"Your raillery, Marquis, shall not make me abandon the cause of the absent, she may be a widow; she is in mourning, and that may in some measure account for her way of living."

“Be that as it may, Harry, it is decency, not grief, induces her to submit to the established rules upon such occasions; however, I dare say we shall meet her again, her sex are naturally curious; and depend upon it, she is as anxious to know a little more about us as we can be to be better acquainted with her. But I really think, if you are willing to undertake the task, you may soon be at the bottom of this mystery; you have only to come alone a few times; I can be ill, or twenty things, and I shall have a very bad opinion of your eloquence if you don’t succeed; but I would have you steel your heart against her charms, for it would be very silly to entangle yourself in the net you are spreading for others.”

“Then to avoid all possibility of danger, my Lord, I will not make the attempt.”

“What! afraid of trusting yourself alone with a pretty woman, Henry! Oh for shame! why I shall begin to think those sparkling blue eyes have made a breach in the citadel of your heart already; nay, don’t look
6
serious,

serious, why I had been in love more than twenty times before I was your age."

"And single yet, my Lord. Oh! you were never seriously attached to any woman."

"Not for more than a month, Harry; and as for marriage, that never entered my head seriously yet; nay, I really believe these amourettes rather increased the repugnance I have always felt to enter the holy pale. However, I must say, none of my divinities equalled your incognita."

"Nay, why call her mine, Marquis?"

"Well, then, she shall be mine; but remember, if I become your rival, it will be your own fault, though I own I shall not have so high an opinion of the fair lady's judgment as I have at present if she gives me the preference. However, upon reflection, I don't know what may happen, ladies are strange, capricious mortals; and if you are unkind, I can't pretend to say what the spirit of contradiction may produce in my favour, therefore, are you absolutely inclined to resign all your pretensions to her notice?"

"Most

"Most willingly, Marquis," said Henry, laughing while he spoke; "and more than that, I wish you success in your undertaking."

"From your heart, Henry; come I won't inquire too minutely into my title; you know the old French song,—

"Ceux qui veulent voir, et trop savoir

"Trouvent souvent plus qu'il ne pense."

And that may be my case; so let us be going, it grows late."

They now mounted their horses, and returned to town. As soon as they had breakfasted, they sallied forth in search of amusement: the Marquis made several inquiries about the company inhabiting the environs, mentioning particularly a young lady in second mourning, whom he presumed inhabited some of the houses without the town, but gained no intelligence concerning the incognita; it is true he took care not

to

to describe her with the warmth her beauty deserved, fearful he should draw a crowd the next morning to the fountain she frequented.

“Well, ’tis very strange, Harry,” said he, when they reached home, “no one should be able to inform us who this fair stranger is, or where she comes from; she certainly did not drop from the skies.”

Thus the Marquis kept on rallying, while Henry merely assented or dissented to what he said by monosyllables. This young man began to feel a strange anxiety concerning this said stranger, which he placed totally to the score of curiosity; it could not be love for a woman he had hardly seen, and with whom he was so little acquainted. But the Marquis, who read what passed in his heart better than he did himself, grew rather uneasy at the absence of mind Henry displayed during the day; he had certainly, like his young friend, been struck with the stranger’s beauty; still, the only sentiment he felt in
her

her favour was admiration, while Henry's amounted to almost adoration. Such is the difference between the feelings of a man of the world of four and thirty, and those of an ardent youth not yet one and twenty. Still Henry was unconscious of his danger, and retired to rest with a heart as free as ever, he supposed; for who would think of becoming attached to a kept mistress, an idea the Marquis had tried to enforce during the evening.

CHAP. VIII.

THEY took their accustomed ride next morning, and again met the stranger, who seemed as if she had waited for their arrival; this induced the Marquis to treat her with more freedom than he had done the day before. She evidently paid the most attention to Henry, endeavoured to draw him into conversation respecting his country and his family. The Marquis in return asked her how long she had been at Spa, whether she meant to make any long stay, &c. but could not obtain a satisfactory answer to any
of

of his numerous questions, and in a very short time she said she must wish them good morning.

The Marquis now protested he must see her at least to her own door, declared he could not forgive himself for not having done it the day before, he must rely upon her generosity for his future admission. The lady interrupted him very seriously, and put so decided a negative upon his proposal, he instantly gave up the intention he had formed, saying, in a gay tone, "I made the proposal you so seriously disapprove, fair lady, more upon my young friend's account than my own, because I am convinced the mere glimpse of the house you inhabit would be a great relief to his mind."

The stranger affected to laugh, though this speech evidently heightened her colour, and threw her into some degree of confusion, as she could not help remarking the effect it produced upon Henry. However, she took
her

her leave as usual, and the Marquis again blamed himself for having allowed her threatened displeasure to prevent his keeping the resolution he had formed.

But, upon inquiry, he very soon discovered the place of her abode, though the result of all his questions, after he had gained this point, by no means tended to elucidate the mystery he was so anxious to fathom, as he merely learnt that she was a French lady, which he already knew, with this addition, that she never went into public, nor received any company at home, and it was suspected the name she bore was fictitious.

“I begin to think,” said the Marquis, when he had communicated this intelligence to Henry, that this fair lady merely wishes to excite curiosity, therefore, by way of punishing her for so silly an attempt, suppose we give up our morning’s ride, and drink the water’s in future within the town.”

“Would

“Would not that have the appearance of pique, Marquis?” said Henry; and after all, what right have we to expect she would satisfy our curiosity, allowing her to have made herself for the present its object?”

“Very true, Harry; and if she is what I still strongly suspect, she is not worth half the trouble and anxiety she has occasioned us; however, till my suspicions are verified, and that may never happen, she is entitled to our politeness in common with the rest of her sex.”

Having thus decided, they continued their usual morning's excursion; the handsome incognita was equally punctual on her side to these kind of tacit appointments. The walks they took together became insensibly longer, and their conversations more animated. The Marquis's *admiration* and Henry's attachment thus gained ground daily, and the former observed, with some degree of chagrin, that his young friend's love met with a due return, though neither

party

party seemed to be aware of their sentiments, but when they met, their eyes expressed their mutual joy, and denoted a similar degree of regret when they parted. Thus three weeks soon elapsed; the Marquis engaged his young friend to join in all the pleasures Spa afforded, wishing to efface, during the course of the day, the impression their morning's ride and rencontre left upon his mind.

But the moment Henry was alone, all his thoughts reverted to this unknown fair one; he found himself unhappy without being able to assign a reason for his uneasiness, and he grew peevish and fretful without being aware of the change in his disposition. Still he would often examine the state of his heart, was he really in love? was a question he now asked himself sometimes very seriously. What, with a kept-mistress, or at best a woman of doubtful reputation! his soul revolted at the very idea. Then his reflections took the contrary turn; if, as it was now
whispered

whispered about, she was a woman of fortune and family, then what were his expectations, destitute as he was of both. He began to wish the Marquis would think of setting off, but he could not make the proposal, his noble friend would guess his real motive, and laugh (as well he might) either at his folly or his presumption; no, he determined to conquer the feelings of his wayward heart, and no longer to allow his passions to get the better of his reason. Having formed this resolution, he met the unknown belle with rather more reserve the next morning, and tried in vain to discover some fault either in her face, figure, or mind; since he had not succeeded in this point, he resolved to banish her from his thoughts entirely. Glory ought to be the only passion a soldier should feel.

On their return home, the Marquis (who had guessed the conflict reason and love occasioned in Henry's bosom) sent for the
groom

groom who always attended him, and upon his appearance thus addressed him :—

“ You seem to have got very intimate, Peter, with the coachman who drives the lady we have so often met at the fountain, pray who is she ?”

“ The coachman does not know, my Lord.”

“ That is very odd ; he chuses to appear ignorant, I suppose.”

“ I really don't know, my Lord ; but he tells me he has only drove her a month, he was hired with the carriage and horses for six weeks, and he wishes he was engaged for as many years.”

“ He seems to like her from your account.”

“ Yes, my Lord, he often says he never drove so good a lady.”

“ Why he certainly has not much to do, as she so seldom goes out, and never receives company at home ; I wonder how she contrives to spend her time ?”

“ In

“ In working and reading, the coachman told me, my Lord, and in visiting and doing good among the poor cottagers; and he is sure she must be very rich, though her own three servants whom she brought with her won't say so.”

As this seemed all the intelligence they were likely to obtain from this lad, the Marquis dismissed him.

Henry remained silent during the preceding conversation, but determined to banish the object of it from his heart and mind; she must have some very strong reasons for her strange behaviour. Charity covers a multitude of sins, he had often heard, and her having a great deal of money to fling away was no proof of the regularity of her conduct.

The Marquis interrupted his reverie, by asking him what he thought of the groom's report, observing they should most likely take a final leave of this mysterious fair one,
with-

without having been able to satisfy their curiosity.

Henry declared his was very much abated; and he no longer wished to discover what she seemed so determined to conceal, namely, her real situation in life. The Marquis affected to give him credit for his forbearance, and agreed, they had been very silly to trouble their heads at all about a mysterious woman, because she happened to be rather handsome; and thus the subject dropped. But as Henry was unusually out of spirits all the day, the Marquis told him in the evening, by way of rousing him from this state of langour, he did not look well. Henry instantly said he had got a sort of stupid cold, but he should, he had no doubt, be quite well by morning. The Marquis eagerly seized this opportunity to insist upon his laying a few hours longer than usual in bed, adding, they would defer their ride to the fountain. Henry was very much mortified

to find himself thus caught, and wished to persuade his friend the morning air would be of service to him ; but the Marquis pleaded a wish to indulge himself, and thus they separated for the night. Henry wondering what his fair incognita would think of their absence, he did not chuse to go out alone, besides, he had promised the Marquis he would lie in bed till nine o'clock, at which time they generally returned from their morning's ride.

The Marquis, it has been observed, seized with avidity the opportunity Henry had afforded him, to make a point of his staying at home ; the truth was, he had long wished to have a little serious, private conversation with this enigmatical lady ; if he could but discover her family, he could soon satisfy himself upon every other point. He therefore determined to visit the fountain alone : he made it rather later than usual, convinced she would not be gone ; and thinking Henry's

absence might enable him to judge whether he had been deceived in the conjectures he had formed respecting the state of her heart.

She was walking among the trees, and advanced as he approached, with evident marks of anxiety upon her countenance. The Marquis bowed, and she instantly said,

“What, alone this morning, my Lord?”

“Much against my will, I can assure you, Madam; but since I had the pleasure of seeing you last——”

She hastily interrupted him, saying, “I hope no misfortune has befallen your friend?”

“Nothing very terrible, my dear Madam, what may be the consequence of his early rides, and the exhilarating draughts he has so frequently taken upon this spot, I cannot pretend to say, but he is really unwell this morning, though I had some difficulty to prevail upon him to stay at home.”

“ I think I can read in your face he is not very ill,” said she ; “ but must beg, if it is at all compatible with your disposition, you would answer me seriously.”

The Marquis soon dissipated the evident fears she still entertained, and then entreated she would honour him so far as to accept his arm, protesting he was never more seriously inclined in his life, and really wanted a little of her gay conversation to enliven him. She smiled, and complied with his request. He soon turned the conversation upon France, mentioned several names of distinction she affected to be totally unacquainted with, though her answers to many of his questions induced him to guess she either was or had been in habits of intimacy with many of the families he hinted at, but she was too much upon her guard to allow him to convert his suspicions into certainty.

He next asked her which part of France she preferred ?

“ The

"The southern provinces in general" was her reply; "though Touraine, Poitou, and L'Anjou, were very justly celebrated."

"You inhabit one of the latter, I presume, Madam," said the Marquis.

She smiled, but answered in the negative.

"This will never do," thought he, "she seems to suspect my design."

However, determined to obtain a rather more satisfactory answer concerning the place of her abode, he said,

"Had I taken time for reflection, I might have spared myself my last question; you reside, I should suppose, either in Languedoc or Provence, from your predilection in favour of the south."

"I have visited both, nay most of the considerable towns in France, Marquis, and can inform you that the Chateau D'Orcy is situated in Champagne."

"I thank you, Madam," said the Marquis, with a smile, "for this merited reproof;

but since you have convinced me you are perfectly acquainted with me, my family, and situation in life, I flatter myself you must know you are addressing a man of honour, therefore, why this reserve? your situation appears to me to be very uncomfortable, can I be of any service to you in any respect? if it is in my power, don't scruple to put me to the test, and make me as much your friend, by your frankness and confidence, as you have made me your admirer by your beauty and fascinating conversation."

"I am no stranger to your reputation, Marquis, or we had never been upon these familiar terms, and was I in need of a friend, I should very probably apply to you; but as that is by no means the case, I shall, at least for the present, decline your kind offers; my situation is the result of my own choice, and I hope you will permit me to remain, according to my wishes, unknown. The conjectures you may have formed of me are very probably not of the most favourable nature; but

but as neither my actions nor my way of life can interest you, pray allow me to follow the bent of my own inclinations, and don't judge me either too lightly or too hastily; but this much, in consideration of the esteem you have inspired me with, I will acknowledge, I act from principle and system; I have retired from the world, because I am tired of the vain, insipid pleasures it affords those who move in what is called a high circle; you are in habits of intimacy with some of my relations, Marquis; still I know I might confide in your honour, but your arguments have not yet convinced me I ought to gratify your curiosity at the expence of my secret. Therefore, by way of changing the subject to one more interesting, pray tell me how long you and your friend mean to remain at Spa."

"If you intend to regulate your movements upon our's, fair lady, I think I ought to punish you a little in my turn for your want of confidence."

And pray, Marquis, have you vanity enough to suppose you——”

The Marquis, aware of what was likely to follow, interrupted her, saying, “Vanity is not one of my foibles, Madam; but——”

There he paused, and looked at her with an expression of archness upon his countenance, which heightened her colour very considerably; at last she said, attempting to laugh when she spoke,

“Now I suppose you fancy you have made some wonderful discovery; be it so,—and what then? But you professed a wish to serve me only a few minutes since.”

“And here renew it most fervently, my dear Madam.”

“Then you will certainly indulge me so far as to favour me with some account of your young friend; you may place my inquiries, (so you do but satisfy them) to whatever motive you please, I merely at present know his name, and that he is an Englishman.”

The

The Marquis immediately briefly recapitulated Henry's past, present, and future prospects, expatiated very warmly upon his merits, the excellence of his heart and temper, &c. He was thus frankly communicative respecting his birth and expectations, in hopes of lessening his young friend's attractions in her eyes, convinced, if she left Spa upon this, perhaps, disappointment of her hopes, time and reason would soon restore Henry to his accustomed vivacity; and if she did not take this step, he resolved they would, though he wished she would set them the example. However, far from appearing mortified, as he had expected, her countenance expressed the utmost satisfaction during his recital, and she listened so attentively, and with such evident feeling to every detail he entered into, that he said much more than he had at first intended.

When he had concluded, she thanked him very politely for the gratification he had

afforded her, adding, she hoped she should either see his young friend, or hear he was perfectly recovered the next morning.

The Marquis said he was convinced she would receive his thanks for the interest she took in his welfare from his own mouth, as nothing short of absolute force on his part would prevent him from visiting the fountain the next day; and after a little more chit chat, they took leave of each other. The Marquis rode home very briskly, found Henry up and waiting breakfast for him, therefore began to entertain him with his morning's adventures, and the fruitless endeavours he had made to discover who the stranger really was. Henry affected the utmost gaiety, and even ventured to rally the Marquis upon this stolen march. The Marquis answered him in the same tone, but disclaimed all intentions of wishing to rival him in the unknown lady's good graces; and as a proof of his sincerity, repeated

peated nearly word for word all that had passed between them, and concluded by saying, Henry certainly ought to feel himself highly flattered by the inquiries the stranger had made about him, and the anxiety she had displayed concerning his health, as he kept his eyes fixed upon him while he spoke. Henry endeavoured to conceal the pleasure his recital had afforded him, and tried to suppress "the only medicine of the miserable, hope" which this conversation had greatly raised.

CHAP. IX.

THE next morning he prepared with more pleasure than ever to accompany the Marquis to the fountain. On their arrival there, they saw no carriage, at least like that they wished to see; she certainly was not arrived, and Henry's spirits failed him, upon reflecting it was very possible she might not come any more, he had, perhaps, seen her for the last time: well, he must bear the idea with patience; besides, why should he regret her absence, since

since he had determined, only two days before, never to think of her again?

The Marquis did not chuse to interrupt his meditations, drank the waters, then remarked, with an indifferent air, their new acquaintance made it late; nay, he continued, "I should not be very much surprised if we were to hear she had left Spa, for I dare say she will make as great a mystery of her departure as she does of her family, and the place of her residence..

Henry assented with a heavy heart to the supposition, and followed the Marquis into the adjoining woods; he was a few paces behind, when a man, who held a handkerchief to his face, as if he wished to conceal it, crossed the path, slipped a letter into his hand, and instantly hurried away towards the high road. Henry made a full stop, looked at the letter which had been so strangely delivered to him, saw it was addressed to Mr. Westhorpe, it was therefore certainly
6 intended

intended for him ; he then turned his eyes towards the road the person who had given it him had taken ; he was almost out of sight, but from his walk, though his dress was different, and he had not seen his face, he almost fancied it was the old servant who had always accompanied the fair unknown.

The Marquis, who had walked on to some distance, now turned his head, and perceived Henry, who seemed riveted to the spot where he was standing, with his eyes fixed upon the letter he held in his hand. The Marquis instantly returned, saying as he advanced,

“ Pray what has attracted your attention so forcibly, Harry ? have you found a billet-doux, or received an invitation from any fair lady ? ”

“ Upon my word, Marquis, as yet I cannot resolve your questions. Do you see that man yonder who is hastening away so fast ? ”

“ Yes, I saw him pass us, what of him ? ”

“ He

“He put this letter into my hands, what can it all mean?”

“Z——ds man! is your curiosity all fled? the letter will explain every thing. It is from the unknown lady, I am convinced; it is perhaps her last farewell; she dare not permit herself another personal interview, or anxiety, occasioned by your illness, has confined her in her turn; come, do satisfy my impatience, if you feel so little yourself.”

Henry's colour all forsook his cheeks while he broke the seal; he took some time to unfold it, first looked at the bottom, and then, as the Marquis and he were at some distance from the rest of the company, read aloud as follows:—

“You will, no doubt, be surprised, my young friend, at receiving a letter from me, and still more so at its purport, for it is neither according to old established custom nor

nor modern etiquette for a lady to inform a gentleman she loves him ;

“ But *I can't resolve to let concealment, like a worm
i'th' bud,*

“ Feed on *my damask cheek, nor pine in thought ;*

“ And, with a green and yellow melancholy,

“ Sit like Patience on a monument

“ Smiling at grief.

Therefore, you find I do not possess Viola's fortitude ; nay more, am induced to entreat the novelty of the thing may lead you to excuse the strange confession. I presume you will have no difficulty in guessing what female thus o'ersteps the bounds delicacy prescribed her sex, but mine is a strange situation ; and I know, though vanity leads me to believe I am not indifferent to you ; the secret would for ever remain buried in your bosom ; and situated as you are, I commend you for your forbearance. My frank acknowledgment may perhaps lower me in your esteem, but you have, no doubt, often, during

during our acquaintance, thought me a strange mortal, therefore you will not so much wonder at my endeavouring to act up to the character I have adopted; I chuse to be a riddle, and am not inclined in the present instance to regulate my behaviour by form or rule, so must entreat you would candidly answer the following question:—Dare you venture, knowing as little of me as you do at present, and without making any further inquiries, (which I must acknowledge would prove absolutely fruitless) to unite your fate to mine. If you are so inclined, I offer you my hand; my heart you have possessed for some time, and I do not wish to separate them. Still don't presume too much upon my weakness; my passion shall be always subservient to my will, and my situation is such, that should you comply with my wishes, our marriage must remain a profound secret for a time, the reason shall be hereafter explained fully to your satisfaction; upon this point I pledge my honour, but at present
neither

neither your prayers nor entreaties, even were you to bind yourself by an oath to secrecy, (though I would as soon trust to your honour) should induce me to declare why this mystery is required? who I really am? nor what are the motives of my strange behaviour?

Take two days to consider of my proposal, you have my leave to consult your friend, I know him to be a man of honour; therefore, two days hence, let your answer be ready. The person who will deliver this will be at the same hour upon the same spot to receive it, so concludes, her you may make more yours than her own.

JOSEPHINE.

It would be impossible to define Henry's feelings while he was perusing this strange epistle; his colour varied every moment, and his countenance strongly bespoke the agitation of his mind. The Marquis listened in profound silence. When Henry had concluded,

cluded, he raised his eyes from the paper, and fixed them upon his friend, who smiling said, "There is certainly at least novelty to recommend this fair lady's proceedings, and her method saves our sex a great deal of trouble."

Henry did not find himself equally inclined to laugh; his agitation increased with reflection; he said, "This proposal, strange as it certainly must appear, has more than ever convinced me of the weakness of my heart, it would be useless any longer to deny the love I feel for the writer of this flattering letter; but I must entreat you would advise, nay, direct me how to act, circumstanced as I am, and with such mighty temptations thrown in my way."

"You never allotted me a more arduous task, my dear Henry; I am no stranger to the situation of your heart, nor do I want the proofs that letter contains to convince me your passion was returned, even with interest; still, after what you have heard, and the restrictions you are laid under, would
you

you venture your future happiness upon so hazardous a stake? Love is a wild, ungovernable, romantic passion, and often leads the greatest men to commit follies; I would therefore have you strictly examine your heart before you decide upon so important a matter; this may be a most advantageous offer, and may prove the exact reverse; your liberty, peace of mind, nay, eternal salvation, may become the sacrifice, were you to accept these fascinating offers; it is a sort of equal chance, and upon my honour, remember it is the strong friendship I feel for you makes me speak thus plain, I would not advise you to run so great a risk. This lady rather gave me to understand she was a woman of family and fortune; then she must have some powerful motives to induce her to make you an offer of her hand. Love she acknowledges to be her guide upon this occasion, or we may presume her election would not have fell upon a foreigner; she most likely has relations who could deprive her of her present affluence; possibly she
may

may not chuse to acknowledge her marriage during their life-time; this affords but a gloomy prospect, admitting you have nothing worse to dread. Then her offer is certainly indelicate, though I make every allowance for your joint situation; if she is absolutely her own mistress, she displays a want of liberality I do not approve of, as she seems to wish to retain all the power in her own hands; surely this is no proof of the generosity of her disposition; had she merely said I am in possession of an ample fortune, and will immediately secure you a handsome independent income, I should have had a much higher opinion of her offer, and the money might have proved a consolation to you, had the worst we can foresee befall you; but to run your neck headlong into the noose, because this lady is very handsome, and tells you she loves you, would be acting very foolishly in my opinion, for my first suspicions of her are by no means eradicated."

Henry

Henry listened to the Marquis with the utmost attention, and assured him his sentiments coincided exactly with his own, protesting his arguments had almost restored him to reason; however, he was determined not to accept the lady's offer, except she chose to clear up the mystery, they had in vain tried to fathom to his satisfaction.

"I approve highly of your proviso, my dear friend," said the Marquis, "and commend you for your spirited resolution; and after the lengths her love has carried her, I think there is little doubt but your refusal will induce her to act more openly, if she has nothing to fear from making herself known. However, we will decide upon what answer it will be proper to send her before the time arrives, so let's go home to breakfast. I must pay my respects this morning to the Governess of the Low Countries, who has been at Spa these four days, and will be highly offended if I defer my visit any longer."

They

They walked back to where they had left their horses and rode home, each so occupied by the contents of the fair Josephine's letter, that they hardly exchanged three words during their short journey.

CHAP. X.

AS soon as they had breakfasted, the Marquis dressed and set out to pay his intended visit. During his absence, Henry read the letter he had received over so many times; he could almost have repeated it by heart; he then reflected upon the sacrifice he intended to make; if, after all, she should be a woman of family, fortune, and reputation; (and

(and he should most likely find it out sooner or later) what an old age of repentance was he laying up for himself? The reverse of this picture then presented itself to his mind, and he fairly shuddered with horror upon beholding himself the husband of another man's mistress; no, that should never happen, he determined; the Marquis was his best friend, and if he followed his advice, he could not act wrong. Still, what would ever make him amends for the loss of so beautiful a woman? if—that *if* again plunged him into doubt and irresolution. “Little did I once think,” said he to himself, while pacing with anxious steps their drawing-room) I should hesitate about marrying the woman I loved; would to God a just war would break out, I might then forget—”

“Who? my dear Harry,” said the Marquis, who had entered unperceived, his agitation was so great, while his back was turned to the door.

Henry

Henry made a sudden stop, and then, with his usual frankness, said, "My folly, Marquis, but you have not paid a long visit."

"No, I hastened home to raise your drooping spirits, my dear fellow, I am the herald of joyful tidings."

Henry's countenance brightened in a moment; a gleam of hope darted across his mind, and he fixed his expressive eyes upon the Marquis, wishing to read his intelligence in his face.

The Marquis, unwilling to keep him in suspense, took his hand, saying, I hardly ever was so happy, my dear Harry, I have very unexpectedly made a fortunate discovery; your fortitude has been put to the test, and I have been particularly flattered by the deference you paid to my advice. My opinion, however, is strangely altered, for I have every reason in the world to believe your Josephine is every thing she gave me to

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understand, and last, though not of little consequence, a woman of unblemished reputation; I therefore now sincerely advise you to accept her offers unconditionally, with a noble mind one cannot be too generous, and I trust you will have no reason to repent the precipitation with which you are in a manner forced to decide; fortune always smiles sooner or later upon the truly deserving, and we were not allowed, by our prudential resolves, to dash the flowing cup from your lips”

Henry's joy was too great for utterance; he could not allow the Marquis to proceed any further, but flung his arms round him, wishing to express the feelings his discourse had given rise to; but a silent embrace was the only mode of denoting his gratitude his transport allowed him.

The Marquis continued: “I may have raised your hopes more than I intended, for I positively know no more than you do at
this

this moment who this lady is, but I am convinced you have nothing to dread from making her your wife ; I will now tell you upon what I found my conjectures for this security. From hence I proceeded to the hotel of * * *, where the Archduchess lodged sent in my name of course, and was instantly shewn into a saloon communicating with her Serene Highness's dressing-room ; the door between the two rooms was left rather upon the jar, and I heard two female voices within, " Oh ! pray permit me," said one — " Certainly, my dear friend," was the answer, " since——" A little bustle in the room prevented me from hearing distinctly the conclusion of the phrase, and I concluded my early visit had deranged somebody ; but in a few seconds, I caught (by means of a glass I had in view) the glimpse of a lady hurrying across the dressing-room to make her exit by the opposite door, and instantly recognized the features of our incognita. I was very near rushing into the room, wishing to be at a certainty, when the

gentleman in waiting, who had carried my name in, came out and opened the door so wide, that I got a full view of her figure and dress before the one she went out by was closed after her; in short, I have not the slightest doubt as to the identity of her person, though she was rather more dressed than we have hitherto seen her, still not sufficiently so for a ceremonious visitor, which convinces me she must be upon the most familiar footing with one of the most scrupulous women in the world with respect to character. The words, "my dear friend," which one of them made use of on her leaving the room, all were corroborating proofs that she is a woman of the first rank. I was very anxious to learn her name, and wished I had been upon a similar friendly footing with the Archduchess, which is not precisely the case. After the usual compliments, I ventured to say I was afraid I had deranged her Serene Highness, I thought I heard company before I entered the room. "Oh! only an intimate friend of mine, Marquis, who thought she was not

dressed enough to see strangers, besides, she was in haste to write a note."—I believe I looked rather incredulous, for these excuses were delivered with some degree of hesitation. The Archduchess seemed confused and angry, I thought, to find she had not succeeded in deceiving me so well as she could have wished, therefore I could not venture any more questions on the subject, but soon after took my leave, wishing to congratulate you, which I do most sincerely upon this fortunate change in your affairs; so now let your own heart dictate the answer to the letter you received this morning."

"A thousand, thousand thanks, my dear friend," said Harry, "I know where she lives——"

"And mean to carry your answer in person, I suppose," said the Marquis, smiling, "and to convince her by your expedition you did not want much time for reflection; this is merely employing *ruse contre ruse*; and stratagems are permitted both in love and war. This advice so perfectly coincided with

Henry's own wishes, that he had little merit in following it; he instantly sat himself down to write, not a very long letter; but after what he had just learned, the warmth of his expressions made ample amends for the incoherency of his style, which might truly be attributed to love, and was therefore the more flattering. The Marquis wished him to have deferred his visit till afternoon, but his impatience could not brook so long a delay. It was not more than three miles from Spa, he told the Marquis, and he should be back in an hour; he therefore hastened to make a little alteration in his dress, and set off full speed. Hope and fear predominated alternately in his bosom during his ride; should he be admitted, surely he had nothing to dread from caprice, now every other obstacle to his happiness was removed. As he approached the house, he saw one of Josephine's attendants looking out of a low window; she instantly came to the door, and told him her lady was not at home. He felt excessively mortified at this disappointment,

pointment, but delivered his letter, and let out upon his return with a much heavier heart than he had left Spa; convinced she was at home, and had refused to see him, though he could not discover what impropriety there would have been (after what had passed) in granting him admittance; his speed must have convinced her he had decided in her favour. He walked his horse very gently, looking behind him every now and then, in hopes of a summons to return, but lost sight of the house during his reflections.

Thus vanished all the pleasing illusions he had formed; and he was proceeding in a very gloomy mood, when the sight of the well-known carriage advancing towards him instantaneously dispelled his chagrin, and he began to condemn himself very severely for daring to suppose his Josephine could be capricious. He was still very much puzzled how to act; ought he to stop the coachman, would she see him if she was in

the coach, should he follow her home. Before he had come to any decision, he was obliged to turn out of the road to make way for the carriage to pass. Josephine was alone, and dressed just as the Marquis had described. Henry did not want this still further proof of her being the person he had seen, though it added to the pleasure he felt. He bowed as the coach passed him; Josephine seemed surprised, but the carriage, contrary to his expectations, continued to move forward. A moment's reflection convinced Josephine his answer must be as favourable as she could wish, or she would not have met him where she did, he had certainly been to her house. She therefore instantly pulled the check-string, and looked out on the side where she had seen him; the footman got down, and Henry, who had remained undecided which way to go, now advanced towards the side of the carriage, but before he could alight, Josephine was upon the ground, and gave orders to the coachman to proceed. The old footman, upon receiving

ceiving a look from his mistress, advanced, and begged leave to lead Henry's horse. A mere silent bow and courtesy passed between the lovers. Henry would willingly have expressed the gratitude with which his heart overflowed, but could not do it with any propriety in the public road, and before so many witnesses.

"You must do me the favour to accompany me home," said Josephine.

Henry made an assenting bow, and offered her his arm. The carriage and servants were now at some distance.

"Pray, may I inquire where you have been?" said Josephine.

"Can you, most lovely of your sex, ask such a question, after the proof I received this morning of your unprecedented goodness?"

“ You may well say unprecedented, my dear friend ; what sort of opinion can you have formed of a woman, who has thus deviated from every—”

Henry would not allow her to proceed, and his flattering compliments and tender assurances of eternal love and gratitude soon reinstated the charming Josephine in her own good opinion.

“ You have almost persuaded me I have acted right, my dear Henry ; I only wish you were as well acquainted with my heart as I flatter myself I am with your’s. I may have erred in point of judgment, and dare say many of my own sex would condemn me without appeal ; you are more candid, and trust to a future explanation of my present inexplicable conduct ; believe me you shall never repent having given me so convincing a proof of your esteem.”

They

They had now reached her house, and she led the way into her dressing-room; upon her toilette laid Henry's letter; she took it up, and looking at the direction, said,

"I guess to whom I am indebted for this favour; but pray take a seat, Sir, for I mean to put your patience to a still severer trial. I have a vast many things to say, which you must promise to listen to with attention."

Henry made a very gallant reply, and took a chair near her..

"Now can you absolutely agree to my leaving Spa solus, and as privately as I arrived here, within a fortnight after the ceremony (which is to unite us) has taken place? I cannot at present fix the period of our future meeting, we may be obliged to live apart for some months, perhaps years."

Henry was almost petrified by this strange proposal, and could hardly suppose she was

in earnest ; but perceiving she waited with some anxiety for his answer, he said, " In the letter I wrote not more than an hour ago, my lovely Josephine, I gave you my word of honour to be totally guided by your desires, and they shall ever be my law ; and though I shall certainly feel this proposed separation from all I hold dear in the world very severely, still, as I flatter myself I shall not be the only sufferer, I ought not to give way to unavailing regret. It is absolutely necessary, I suppose ?"

" Absolutely, my dear friend."

Henry sighed, and assented in silence.

" Have you any objection to the ceremony being performed in a few days ?"

" It is the first wish of my heart to call you mine, though the idea of parting with you so soon afterwards, almost leads me to wish the time of my probation might be prolonged."

" My

“My stay at Spa is very limited, my dear Henry, therefore we must submit to our destiny with a good grace; you are a foldier, and I have commenced heroine of a romance, you very probably think; but this necessary separation will merely be a mutual trial of our love and fortitude, and we will each endeavour to encourage the other during the painful interval which must elapse ere we meet again. I will have proper settlements drawn immediately according to my own instructions, and which I am unreasonable enough to hope you will sign without hearing them read; depend upon my attention to your future interest, and I will make you immediately independant. I read the wishes of your generous heart in your countenance; but I desire your want of fortune may never occasion you a moment's uneasiness, I am quite rich enough for both. You shall have a hundred thousand Livres Tournois down on or before our wedding-day, and I will insure you a like sum annually, which will enable
you

you to live in a comfortable style. I cannot very well command any more ready money just now, but the trifle I mention will equip you with necessaries."

Henry once more interrupted her, and insisted upon her not distressing herself upon his account, protesting he would not agree to these generous, nay, profuse offers.

"You have promised to conform to my wishes, my dear Henry, and I shall keep you to your word in the present instance, depend upon it I will not hurt myself; what I mention, I look upon as trifling to what I can very well spare; as my husband, you ought to live in a splendid style, but till our marriage can be made public, I know you would not wish to do it, then I shall enjoy seeing you spend five times the sum I mentioned. Remember, your present income will not amount to more than a thousand pounds of British money a quarter."

Situated

Situated as Henry was, this appeared to him to be much more than he should be able to spend ; he had neither follies, vices, nor desires to gratify ; a small competency, of five hundred pounds a year, was as much as he ever allowed himself to wish for, when he gave the reins to his lively imagination, and free scope to his most sanguine hopes. He therefore once more ventured to remonstrate with his beloved Josephine, and to assure her, if she persisted in her intentions, she must instruct him how to dispose of her bounty.

“ Your own noble heart, my dear Henry, was her answer, “ will soon teach you how to make a proper use of what I am the means (under Providence) of putting into your possession, so let us drop that subject. I have not half done prating yet ; as you are a Protestant, the ceremony must be performed by a minister of each religion, for I suppose I need not tell you I am a Catholic ; but my confessor, a most worthy man, who
forms

forms a part of my household, will soon procure a Calvinist clergyman to assist him upon the occasion. You perceive I am determined to rivet your chains, I only hope they will always prove easy ; but you must now bind yourself by the most solemn oath, and become answerable for the discretion of your gay friend, never to reveal our marriage till you have my express permission."

Henry readily agreed to her last request, and promised to bring the Marquis to ratify the promise he had made in his name ; every other preliminary arrangement was in the like manner agreed upon. And after dining and spending a most agreeable afternoon with his Josephine, Henry reluctantly took his leave, and set out full speed to communicate his happy and brilliant prospects to his benevolent friend, conscious the Marquis would sincerely participate in his happiness.

CHAP. XI.

HE hastened to join his friend as soon as he alighted, and found him alone in the saloon.

“I began to think,” said the Marquis, as he advanced, “the ceremony had taken place, therefore did not expect to see you before to-morrow morning.”

“I really have a thousand excuses to make, my dear friend,” said Harry.

“Not one of which will I listen to; so if you are not sworn to secrecy, let me hear how you spent your day?”

“My

“My oath did not extend so far,” said Henry, who immediately repeated the heads of what had passed.

When he had concluded, the Marquis said, “I give you joy most sincerely, my dear Harry. Josephine’s behaviour is truly mysterious; still, with such a prize in view, you cannot be blamed for giving *carte blanche* to her fancies. She is certainly a woman of some rank, and apparently in possession of a very large fortune; so in time, Harry, I expect to see you a *Marechal de France*.”

A good deal more discourse passed between the friends upon the same subject, and Henry retired to bed in perfect good-humour with himself and all the world.

The next morning he paid an early visit to Josephine, knowing he should not meet her at the fountain; he renewed the promises he had made himself, and those in the Marquis’s name, and assured her, upon both their honours, they would never mention the marriage

marriage was so speedily to take place, nor even attempt to discover who she was till they had her free permission.

“Then our secret will be perfectly safe,” said Josephine. “I dare say the Marquis has formed a very strange opinion of me; but will he sign the settlements when you do?”

“Undoubtedly, my dearest Josephine, without hearing them read, well understood,” said she, “we will both be guided by your wishes.”

“You are too good, my dear Henry. However, three days hence, all shall be ready. I should wish the Marquis to be in the house during the ceremony, but not in the room, for I must exact a further proof of your complaisance to my caprices, you must promise me never to mention the name I shall be married under, even to this confidential friend of your’s, without my leave.”

This request was as readily acceded to as all her others; therefore every previous arrangement

arrangement being made, and every precaution to secure the secret having been taken, at the end of four days, Henry was united to one of the most lovely women in the world, and was almost tempted to look upon the incredible alteration which had taken place in his circumstances as the effect of illusion.

He continued ostensibly to reside with the Marquis, though he spent the greater part of his time with his charming bride, who displayed fresh graces and more striking accomplishments every day.

Thus a month glided imperceptibly away, and Henry was in hopes that she no longer thought of the separation he now looked forward to with real dread, therefore carefully avoided the subject, and tried as much as possible to banish the very reflection from his mind. She more than kept every promise she had made him, put him in possession of the sum she had mentioned on their wedding-

ding-day, and had since made him several very elegant presents.

The Marquis usually breakfasted with the happy pair, and Henry always accompanied him back to Spa, and did not return to his beloved Josephine till late in the evening.

They had separated as usual one morning, and Henry was desired to make his appearance half an hour sooner than he generally came; the evenings began to shut in early, he joyfully subscribed to these kind wishes. But what was his astonishment upon reaching the house where he had spent so many happy moments, upon having a letter put into his hands by a stranger, who told him Madame la Baronne de Belville was gone.

"Gone!" repeated Henry, unwilling even to believe his ears, "since when?"

"She set off about twelve o'clock, Sir, and left that letter in my care."

Any

Any further questions would be useless, he concluded, if he had not stood bound in honour not to make any inquiries; so by way of concealing his emotion, he turned from the woman, mounted his horse again, and rode off full speed, wishing to lose sight of a place which only reminded him of past joys. "Was not this being very cruel?" said he to himself as he hastened along; "should I have acted thus?" his heart seemed to say—no. This letter most likely contained her reasons for this last strange action; therefore, the moment he was out of sight of the house, he tore it open, and with a degree of agitation, little inferior to what he had felt while perusing her proposal of marriage, read as follows:—

"If my beloved Henry knew what it cost me to conceal my feelings when we last parted, I am sure he would forgive the step I have taken. I put off the evil day from time to time, till further procrastination became impossible; therefore, for both our
sakes,

akes, to spare us a very distressing scene, formed the resolution I shall have put in practice before you receive these lines. I am convinced we shall never be absent from each other's mind, and am sufficiently miserable to be absolutely obliged to deprive myself (at least for a time) of the pleasure I enjoyed in your loved society.

“Once a month you shall always hear from me, and I hope to be equally favoured, for the perusal of your letters will now constitute my greatest felicity. I trust you will bear this necessary absence with more fortitude than I am afraid I shall be able to boast, for my heart sinks within me while I am endeavouring to console you; but remember, you are a soldier, and I am only a weak woman. I dare say Spa will have lost many of its attractions in your eyes, my Henry, after you have read this letter; therefore I presume you will not stay long after me.

“ Call

“ Call at Mr. D——, the banker, at Bruxelles, as you pass through that city, and you will find a letter and parcel addressed to you, which I shall leave *en passant*, with orders for him to forward any thing you may have to entrust him with to the direction you will find in the parcel ; don't suppose I doubt your word, my Harry, only attribute my future precautions to the desire I feel to elucidate every mystery my own way, and at my own time. By the plan I have laid down, we shall hear from each other once a month, as I mentioned before ; and should any thing of very great importance take place on either side during the interim, my Parisian banker will see any extra letters either of yours or mine forwarded with the utmost speed and punctuality. You will favour me with your address from Bruxelles, as I shall expect a few lines, to know whether you receive what will await your arrival there.

“ The

“The quarterly sums we agreed upon will be always sent you in due time, and if you find you can spend more, treat me as freely as I did you some few weeks since; you cannot give me a greater proof of your love. I only hope the friendship and lively conversation of our amiable friend the Marquis D’Orcy will in some degree reconcile you to the absence of your

“JOSEPHINE.”

Henry paused when he had concluded; and upon looking further, thinking he perceived something inclosed, a piece of paper fell to the ground: he alighted to pick it up; it was a draft for two hundred and fifty Louis upon her banker at Spa; on the back was wrote a “final balance.” He walked slowly on, and began once more to read his letter. “What proofs does she give me of the excellence of her heart!” he said to himself, “still I can hardly forgive her for not allowing me to take one farewell em-

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brace;

brace; besides, I had a thousand things to say to her."

He now fell into a train of reflection upon the past; he was as much in the dark respecting her real rank in life as at the moment he married her; for even in their most intimate moments, she had never dropped the slightest hint which might tend to such a discovery, and had assured him, the name she was married under, even was he to make it public, would not solve any of his doubts. "Then why was she so averse to its being mentioned to the Marquis D'Orcy? Well, time will discover every thing," he thought, and hitherto he had no reason to complain, blessed with such a wife and such a friend. These ideas rather raised his spirits, and induced him to think of hastening towards Spa; but upon looking round for his horse, recollected he had left him near a mile behind, where he had first alighted. He hurried back, and fortunately found the poor animal grazing very quietly near the spot

spot where he stooped to pick up the draft. He instantly mounted, and proceeded home with the utmost speed.

It was very dark when he arrived, and the Marquis was just going to supper, and excessively surprised to see him return so unexpectedly, and with such evident marks of sorrow upon his countenance. Without speaking, he put the letter he had received into the Marquis's hands, who perused it very attentively, and not without some marks of astonishment; then said, "I applaud your Josephine, my dear Harry, she is certainly a woman of honour, and will, no doubt, very speedily clear up all her present seeming inconsistencies perfectly to your satisfaction. We will take our leave of Spa to-morrow, if you have no objection; it has lost all its attractions in your eyes, and I shall find the amusements it affords very insipid, as you will no longer participate in my pleasures; besides, I know you will think

every moment an age till you reach Bruxelles."

"You are exceedingly kind, my dear friend," said Henry; "I own I am very impatient to hear again from my lovely Josephine; and truly grateful for the indulgence you grant to all my wayward fancies, I know you have stayed here much longer than you at first intended upon my account, and your present proposal lays me under a still stronger obligation, and entitles you to my unbounded confidence. Here is what the letter you have been reading contained," producing the draft while he spoke.

"This convinces me," said the Marquis, "much to my satisfaction, that Josephine has more money than she knew how to spend before she married, and I am excessively happy her election has fallen upon a man that will do honour to her choice, and contribute so much to her own felicity. Take the banker's order to-morrow to draw for your money at Bruxelles, and we will take our leave of Spa before twelve o'clock."

This Henry readily agreed to, and nothing material occurred till they reached Bruxelles. The moment they alighted, Henry entreated the Marquis to accompany him to the bankers; he made no objection, and they soon reached Mr. D——s. Upon declaring his name, that gentleman delivered a letter and parcel to Henry, adding, he should be exceedingly happy to take the charge of any packet he might wish to trust to his care. Henry told him he meant to take advantage of his kind offer, and rose with his friend to take his leave, impatient to peruse his Josephine's letter, and hardly allowed himself time to reach the hotel before he broke the seal; it had been wrote as she went through, and merely contained a renewal of her former promises, and expressions of the most poignant regret, at being reduced to borrow the assistance of pen, ink, and paper to communicate her thoughts to her beloved Henry, and concluded by informing him he should hear from her again as soon as she reached

her present home, desiring him to direct his future letters to Madame La Baronne de Belville, at Mr. P—'s, banker, in Paris. The parcel contained some very elegant jewels and trinkets which had been ordered at Paris, and had met her at Bruxelles, and a further supply of money.

“You perceive, my good friend,” addressing the Marquis, “my Josephine wishes to make me extravagant.”

“She merely wishes you to enjoy a few of the luxuries this world affords,” said the Marquis, “and I have no doubt but you will make a very proper use of fortune's favours.”

“Well, when I get to Paris,” said Henry, “I will try to second her kind intentions, but I do not intend to make any alteration in my way of living during my stay at St. Omers.”

“You are perfectly right there, Harry; it would only excite the wonder of a set of of silly, envious people; though your residing

ding with me, which you know is a matter of course, would certainly lay some restraint upon their tongues, and I don't know whether a carriage and proper suite of servants might not add to your merit in the eyes of many of your old friends."

"I am not inclined to try the experiment; and though I am of your Lordship's opinion, nay, even think such appendages might secure me a little common civility from my good-tempered aunt, I am determined not to appear in a different style till I am allowed to acknowledge my marriage."

"Make no rash resolves, perhaps your Josephine may make a point of your rolling about the streets of Paris in your carriage. She will most likely know how you live, and may wish you to appear with some degree of splendour in the *beau monde*."

"I shall certainly, as far as lies in my power, conform to her desires, Marquis; still, it would very ill become me to assume the appearance of a man of consequence, at least before she condescends to acknowledge

me publicly for her husband; however, I shall know better how to regulate my conduct a few months hence, and I am sure if you continue to favour me with your advice, I shall never expose myself to the shafts of ridicule, the thing of all others I most dread. But I must now set about answering the two kind letters I have already received, else my Josephine might complain (and with very just reason) of my ingratitude."

"Let me advise you to eat your supper before you set about such an arduous task," said the Marquis; "a few glasses of good Rhenish will exhilarate your spirits amazingly, and they ought to be in *alto* upon such an occasion."

Henry agreed to the proposal, unwilling to derange his friend, spent the greatest part of the night at his pen, directed his truly voluminous packet to the Baronne de Belville, and left it to the care of Mr. D—.

As

As the Marquis did not wish to make any stay at Bruxelles, they proceeded immediately to Lisle, and the next day reached St Omers just before dark.

CHAP. XII.

IT was now the middle of October. They drove immediately to the Marquis's old quarters in the Rue St. Bertin, and as his Lordship had sent a courier forward, soon set down to a very good dinner.

They had scarcely finished their meal, before several of the superior officers came to

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pay

pay their respects to their Colonel, and Henry seized the opportunity to wait upon his kind relations. The Marquis made him promise to return to supper, and entreated he would call upon the Chevalier Macharty, and bring him along with him if he found him at home.

Henry soon reached Mr. Westhorpe's door, at which he knocked with rather more authority than formerly, determined to regulate his behaviour by theirs; if he met with a kind or even a civil reception, (which he by no means expected) he would treat them with equal politeness; but if his aunt was in one of her agreeable moods, he would make a very short visit, and trouble her as little as possible with his company during his stay in her neighbourhood. He was let in by Cecile, with whom he had always been a great favourite, and by way of repaying her in some degree for her past kindness and frequent good offices, he slipped two six livre pieces into her hand, making her a sign at the
the

the same time to hold her tongue. Few people understood a hint or their own interest better than Cecile; she merely made him a very low courtesy, and hastened before him to open the parlour door, giving him a significant look while so doing, and glancing her eyes towards a small mahogany claw-table, one of Mrs. Westhorpe's great boasts; indeed this elegant piece of furniture was rather a phænomenon at St. Omers, and not a little envied by the other British residents. But the object towards which Cecile meant to direct Henry's eyes, was two small candles, which graced this said table; this was a luxury Mrs. Westhorpe never permitted herself, except when she had company she thought entitled to so prodigious a mark of respect. Henry therefore cast his eyes round the room in expectation of seeing some visitor of distinction; his aunt was sitting at some distance from the door, and near her sat a stout, short gentleman, between forty and fifty, dressed rather shabbily, still his boots and other etcetras denoted

ted him to be an Englishman ; his countenance expressed an uncommon share of self-sufficiency and arrogant pride, and his forehead seemed to have contracted an habitual wrinkle from incessant frowning upon his inferiors.

Henry's fine figure, elegant manners, and appearance, were perfectly calculated to inspire respect. The stranger made a sort of start from his chair, bowed very profoundly, and as instantaneously seemed hurt at the mark of deference he had almost involuntarily paid a handsome countenance and a genteel travelling dress ; convinced, no man of superior, if of equal rank to himself, ever visited at Mr. Westhorpe's.

Henry returned the compliment with the utmost ease and grace, and was going to address his aunt, who, from not having sat in a good shade, had not immediately recognized his features ; but the moment she did, thus began :—

“ What,

“What, is it you, boy, at this time of night? for God’s sake where did you spring from? has your French Marquis turned his back upon you at last? I entreat, Sir Richard, (turning to the stranger) you would not move, I am quite shocked to think this consequential puppy has deranged you; it is only Mr. Westhorpe’s nephew, whom you have often heard me mention, the son of his poor silly body of a sister, and we have been troubled with the care of him from the time he was a year old; he is in want of a lodging or something, or he would not have come to look after us.”

The Baronet slid down upon his chair again, while every feature swelled with pride, disdain and contempt were legibly expressed upon his countenance; he drew himself up as soon as he had resumed his seat, then stretched out his legs, and drew his boots up, trying to assume an air of additional consequence, and to strike this dependant upon Mr. Westhorpe’s family with
a sense

a sense of his inferiority, but perfectly failed in the attempt.

Henry by no means disconcerted at a reception he so fully expected, and had so often experienced, only smiled, and said, "I was in hopes of finding my uncle at home, Madam."

"Aye, and in hopes of finding me dead, no doubt, but you find you are mistaken."

"You really wrong me, Madam, I am particularly happy to find you so well, and in such spirits."

This ironical reply threw her quite off her guard, and unmindful of Sir Richard's presence, she exclaimed, with the face and accent of one of the furies, "Insolent puppy!" and would have proceeded in an equal strain of invective, if Henry had not said very calmly, "Do you expect my uncle at home in the course of the evening, Madam, or shall I be more likely to meet with him in the morning?"

Mrs.

Mrs. Westhorpe, more and more provoked to find she could not irritate this dependant nephew, whom she hated more cordially than ever, would certainly have levelled one, if not both the candlesticks at his head, if she had not fortunately recollected they were not *tête-à-tête*. And the Baronet, eager to convince Henry of his vast importance, said, in a dictatorial tone, extending himself in his chair while he spoke, "Mr. Westhorpe is gone out upon business of mine, young fellow, and as he will, no doubt, make all the haste in his power, you may expect to see him in a very few minutes."

"Then, with your permission, Madam," said Henry, "I will wait his return," taking a chair unasked, and without paying the least attention to the Baronet, who had convinced him he was not a polite, though he might be a great man. "I hope my cousins are all well," he continued.

"It would better have became you, boy, to have inquired after the Mr. and Miss Westhorpe's? Did you suppose, because I permitted

permitted you to address them with such familiarity while you were all children, I should suffer you to give yourself such airs now? if you did, you never was more mistaken in your life; but your assurance really grows insufferable. How dare you to seat yourself in my house, and in Sir Richard Claymore's presence, without my leave? if I had had my will, your insolence should not have rose to this pitch. But pray, Mr. Scapegrace, where is your French Marquis? I never could pronounce his name, did you come with him, or has he returned you upon your uncle's hands? such friends are more likely to mar than to make your fortune."

"I left the Marquis D'Orcy at his lodgings in the Rue St. Bertin, Madam," said Henry, "and I am convinced he will be very much flattered when he learns how kindly you have inquired after his health."

"Now would not this fellow provoke a Saint, Sir Richard, I never knew him so impudent before; but mark my words, boy,
if

if Mr. Westhorpe ever allows you to sleep under this roof again, the same house shall not hold us both."

"I have too great a regard for my uncle, Madam, to allow you to put such a bitter threat into execution," said Henry, with a half smile."

"Oh! you seem to come on charmingly, fellow," said the enraged matron; but don't think to sneer at me, I only wish I was your commander, depend upon it you should not loiter your time away in the manner you do at present, I would give you a little wholesome discipline."

"I am very much obliged to you, Madam, for the lively interest you take in my welfare," said Henry, "I wonder your zealous friendship does not prompt you to write to my brave Colonel, Baron Falkenheim, your advice would certainly have great weight."

Mrs. Westhorpe did not perfectly comprehend the purport of this speech; therefore, unwilling to display her ignorance, she merely said, "Not I—I shall neither meddle

dle nor make, so long as you don't come here to torment me and my family ; I have washed my hands of you, let others find you out as I have done."

Sir Richard Claymore, of whom it may perhaps be necessary to say a few words, had muddled away, rather than spent, a noble fortune, and had for some time, through motives of œconomy, been an inhabitant of St. Omers ; and though now reduced to a very small income, he still expected to meet with the utmost respect from his countrymen ; and as some of them thought his estate might come round again in time, they were willing to pay him the tribute he exacted, in hopes of reaping the fruits of their present condescension at some future period. Mr. Westhorpe was among the number, and his wife, flattered at being taken notice of by a Baronet and his Lady, agreed with him (contrary to her usual custom) upon this occasion. The families were therefore upon a very familiar footing.

Henry

Henry had heard Sir Richard's name mentioned when he last visited St. Omers, and had learnt his character from the Chevalier Macharty ; it is therefore to be supposed he felt but little degree of reverence for his superior rank, and it may be easily conceived, after what he had witnessed, and often heard repeated before, the Baronet had not formed a very high opinion of Mr. Westhorpe's nephew ; and as Mrs. Westhorpe's marked displeasure seemed to make no sort of impression upon the hardened youth, he undertook to bring him to a due sense of his unworthiness, in revenge for the careless manner in which he had treated a man of his superior standard ; therefore assuming an unusual degree of authority, and in the most imperative tone, he said, " You are in the French army, I understand, young man."

Henry merely bowed.

" There, Sir Richard, there," said Mrs. Westhorpe, " you find he don't think you worthy an answer : leave my house this moment ;

ment ; if these are the manners you have learnt among your quality friends, why I never desire to keep such sort of company ; but you shall not come here to shew your airs, I can promise you, I will be mistress of this house as long as I live, you shall find to your sorrow, Mr. Henry Westhorpe. I wonder, Sir Richard, you honoured him so far as to speak to him ; but, thank God, here comes your uncle, he shall shew you the door, I promise you, or I will know the reason why."

Henry made no sort of answer to all these menaces, and had come to a resolution never to expose himself to any future insults from a woman so devoid of principle and feeling. Cecile, who had let her master in, had also told him who was in the parlour.

Thus prepared, Mr. Westhorpe made his appearance, and gave Henry a sort of hearty welcome before he addressed Sir Richard, who excessively piqued to find he

he was overlooked in favour of a person he began so thoroughly to despise, said, "Have you got my business done, Mr. Westhorpe, I am in haste, and have staid much longer than I intended."

"And if you were acquainted, Mr. Westhorpe," said his better half, "with the treatment Sir Richard Claymore met with in your house, and from that nephew of your's, I think it would be the last time you would put it in such a fellow's power to insult your guests."

"Do, pray, allow me to answer Sir Richard, Mrs. Westhorpe," said her husband, in a tone she knew admitted of no reply.

The obedient matron courtesied in silence, clasped her hands together, and raised her eyes to heaven, meaning, no doubt, to call down blessings upon her lord and master's head, while Mr. Westhorpe thus addressed the Baronet :—

"No

No one will give cash for your note, Sir Richard ; I have tried at four of the first houses."

"Not give cash for a note of Drummond's! you astonish me, Mr. Westhorpe; but what the d—l am I to do? I want money to get to England; they are ten times more obliging at Calais. Do these fellows take me for a swindler, or what are their objections?"

"Merely that these are notes they have not been accustomed to, Sir Richard; but I believe I have as much money by me, which is very much at your service."

"Well, I don't know what to say, Westhorpe, I believe I must accept your offer; will you keep that note, or shall I give you a draft upon London?"

"There is no necessity for either, Sir Richard," said Westhorpe, to convince the Baronet he was at least his equal in point of fortune; "you will repay me when you return to St. Omers," leaving the room to fetch

fetch the money as soon as he had done speaking.

The Baronet strutted about during his absence, c—s—d St. Omers and all its inhabitants, saying, looking at Mrs. Westhorpe while he was speaking, “ I should have been in a pretty hobble if I had wanted five hundred or a thousand pounds, but I never drew for money in this way before ; it is really fortunate Westhorpe was able to supply me.”

“ And I am sure, Sir Richard, Mr. Westhorpe is equally happy it was in his power,” said the courteous lady. She was proceeding to apologize for Henry’s behaviour, when Mr. Westhorpe returned with twenty Louis, which he counted out to the Baronet, who now took his leave of them for a few months, as he meant to set off the next morning for England.

Mrs. Westhorpe sent a very respectful message to Lady Claymore ; and after a profusion of good wishes on all sides, Sir
Richard

Richard made his exit, without taking the least notice of Henry, who had remained standing from the moment his uncle had made his appearance, and now prepared to take his leave.

Mr. Westhorpe desired him to sit down, saying, "Why in such haste, Harry, we don't see you so often?"

"My aunt has a vast deal to say to you, Sir, and I wish to allow her time; besides, I have several places to call at before I go home, to the Marquis D'Orcy's apartments, I mean——"

"We shan't be worthy to wipe the dust off his shoes, Mr. Westhorpe," said his better half; "but it is all your doing, you don't know how I have been treated by the good-for-nothing puppy," and fairly burst into tears, which she had always at command, upon the bare recollection of the unmerited insults she had met with. She then proceeded, in a voice scarcely audible through

through sobs and passion, to accuse Henry in the most gross and illiberal manner.

Mr. Westhorpe, who now began to think it his interest to behave with some degree of politeness to his nephew, and who made it a point to contradict his wife in every thing, took the contrary side of the question, and protested Henry should make his house his home at all times, and when ever he chose. And pray who was this Sir Richard Claymore she made such a fuss about? why a poor half-ruined Baronet, whose pride had increased as his fortune had diminished. Of what use would such a man's friendship have been to Henry, or what had he or any of them to fear from offending him."

Mrs. Westhorpe retorted still more warmly, and indeed the dispute threatened to become truly serious, when Cecile made her appearance, and clapping her hands to her

ears, screamed out, "An English gentleman wishes to see you, Sir!"

Mr. Westhorpe's muscles instantly regained some degree of composure; he turned from his wife with an expressive shake of the head, and addressing Cecile, "Does any body want me?"

"Yes, Sir, an English gentleman, I tell you again; how many times must I repeat the same thing?"

"Well, but who is it, has this gentleman no name?"

"Most likely," said the free-spoken Cecile, "except he came into the world by chance, but I never saw him before, and he merely told me he was an Englishman, and wished to see you, so I thought he would tell you all he intended you should know without my asking any further questions."

"Mrs Westhorpe, who had never been able to accustom herself to the insolence of French servants, nor had ever taken the proper

proper method to correct it, now exclaimed,
“ Dirty drab, I will——”

“ For heaven’s sake, Mrs. Westhorpe,”
said her husband, don’t expose yourself in
this manner before strangers.”

“ Don’t tell me of strangers,” said the
termagant matron, “ I care for nobody ;
all the world shall see and know how I am
treated by you, your beggarly relations, and
trollop of a servant. Here have I been
making a slave of myself in a foreign country
to save a trifle for my own dear children,
who I suppose will be turned out of doors as
well as myself one of these days to make room
for that lazy, impudent——”

Mr. Westhorpe made but two strides
across the room, and she would certainly
have felt the weight of his hand, if he had
not reflected that the door was half open,
and that the stranger, who must have heard
the dispute, could also see all his actions ;
he therefore contented himself with trying
to annihilate her with his frowns, while he

ordered Cecile to introduce the gentleman.

Henry, to whom such scenes no longer afforded any novelty, had stood a very quiet spectator of the whole; he meant to have left the room with Cecile, but was rather curious to see what sort of a reception this visitor would meet with, and how he would himself behave after having overheard the polite dialogue which had just passed between Mr. and Mrs. Westhorpe, of whom, from the specimen he had heard of their conversation, he must have formed a very high opinion.

CHAP. XIII.

AN elderly man, between fifty and sixty, very genteelly dressed, now made his appearance, preceded by Cecile; he made a general bow as soon as he was within the door, Mr. Westhorpe and Henry returned the compliment in silence, and Mrs. Westhorpe, whose tears had now made way for a sort of forced smile, courtesied unusually low, to convince her husband of her obedience, and the stranger of her good-breeding; then perceiving there was but one candle burning, (for she was so rigid an economist,

she had put the other out the moment Sir Richard had left the room) she asked Cecile who had extinguished the other light?

"Avarice, I suppose," said the undaunted maid, delighted at finding so favourable an opportunity of retaliating upon her mistress in her own style.

"Impertinent slut!"—A look of her husband's cut the phrase, and sent Cecile out of the room.

Mr. Westhorpe now entreated the stranger would be seated, adding, by way of an excuse for the past and late want of respect in Cecile, "French servants were insufferable."

"The stranger merely bowed, and then said, "I presume I have the advantage of addressing Mr. Westhorpe."

"That is my name, Sir;" was the reply.

"You are the only son of the late Dr. Westhorpe, of Lincoln, if I understand right."

"The

“The same, Sir,” said Mr. Westhorpe; “pray why these questions?”

“The business I come upon must plead my excuse, Sir, for I must ask you a few more. You had a sister who married the late Colonel Henry Cleveland; second son to the present Sir William Cleveland.”

“Very true, Sir,” said Mr. Westhorpe, who seemed excessively agitated, and hardly to know what he said, and turning to Henry, who remained standing and leaning upon the back of a chair, he gave him a look meant to inform him he could very well dispense with his company; but the stranger’s last question concerning Mr. Westhorpe’s sister, whom Henry supposed to be his mother, made him too anxious to hear what this gentleman had further to say upon this subject to induce him to take his uncle’s hint.

The stranger was in an uncomfortable situation; he saw he was not a very welcome guest, found he confused both the

master and mistress of the house, who often looked at each other, and seemed totally to have forgot their late animosity; willing, therefore, to come to the point, he thus proceeded, looking steadfastly at Mr. Westhorpe:—

“Colonel Cleveland left a son behind him, Sir William has long known, and now understands that you, Mr. Westhorpe, were appointed this young gentleman’s guardian.”

Mr. Westhorpe looked steadfastly at Henry, and then at the door, while he said, “We will talk over this matter in a few minutes, Sir.”

Henry fixed his piercing eyes upon his uncle’s face, and without speaking, gave him to understand he did not chuse to leave the room. He now began strongly to suspect he was the person the stranger seemed to have come in quest of, he was the only young man that had ever been under Mr Westhorpe’s

thorpe's care, and had been told by him he was his sister's son, therefore the most peremptory order would not now have compelled him to quit the house.

The stranger, who had perceived the signs Mr. Westhorpe had made his nephew, and had also remarked the anxious curiosity now visible upon Henry's fine countenance, chose to gratify it by a farther explanation, without attending to the wish Mr. Westhorpe had expressed, he therefore thus proceeded:—"I have the honour of officiating as steward to Sir William Cleveland, Sir, and am come by my master's orders to inquire where this young gentleman, his grandson, now is, as he is become sole heir to the title and vast estates Sir William now possesses; his eldest son, the late Mr. William Cleveland, has been dead these ten years, (but this I presume you know) and that he left but one son behind him, who paid the debt of nature three months ago, and died unmarried. Since this melancholy

I 5

event

event took place, Sir William has been but too sensible of the injustice with which he treated his once darling son, Colonel Henry Cleveland, and now only wishes to atone for his past neglect of his grandson as much as lies in his power, by transferring the love he once bore the father to the son; and he ordered me to tell you, Mr. Westhorpe, he sincerely wishes your sister had lived to witness his repentance."

Henry, who was, as has been before observed, leaning upon the back of a straw chair, had grasped the top round so fast, that at this moment it gave a crash in his hand, made him start, and again fixing his eyes upon his uncle, having very little doubt but he was the person the steward was come in search of. At any other time Mrs. Westhorpe would not have allowed her chairs to have been broken with impunity; but confusion and amazement now kept her silent, she did not even raise her hands and eyes,

hen

her usual resource when denied the use of her tongue.

Mr. Westhorpe's confusion far exceeded her's; he made several fruitless attempts to speak. As the stranger's eyes were full upon him, and he stood anxiously expecting an answer, at last, with a forced smile, he was able to say, "My joy has really overcome me, I never was so much nor so agreeably surprised in all my life;" then looking at Henry, "my dearest nephew, let me introduce you properly to this gentleman; this, Sir, (turning to the stranger) is Sir William Cleveland's grandson, and my sister's son, whom I have always tenderly loved for her sake," advancing while he spoke, and flinging his arms round Henry, protesting he was unable to express half the happiness he felt."

Henry did not feel himself inclined to return this warm embrace with any degree of cordiality, which considerably increased Mr.

Westhorpe's embarrassment, who now said, "I am convinced, my dear nephew, I can excuse myself perfectly to your satisfaction for having so long kept you in ignorance of your real origin; I merely followed the strict orders I received from your deceased father, and such commands were not to be infringed, you know, merely to gratify your curiosity, or the strong desire I often felt to inform you how nearly you were related to the Cleveland family; but the last wishes of my ever-to-be-regretted and much honoured brother-in-law, were, that you should be brought up as you have been, and that you should bear my name, and I thought it my duty to comply. You are sensible that I have paid the utmost attention to your education, and must own I flatter myself that Sir William Cleveland will think me deserving his thanks upon that score; but had I thought (much more known) you stood the slightest chance of becoming sole heir to your grandfather's vast fortune, I should certainly have acted very differently; but I was

totally

totally unacquainted both with Sir William's promotion to his present title, and the death of his late grandson, whom I always understood was to inherit all his property. Now such a reflection would certainly have hurt your noble mind, had you known the predicament you were in, and that you were hitherto considered as an alien by your father's family; therefore, I really think, all things considered, I should have acted by you as I have done, though I claim no merit, but in complying with the request of your deceased father." Mr. Westhorpe now turned to the steward, and thus continued, with no small degree of emphasis, "My nephew has been brought up as a gentleman, Sir, and has very lately entered the French service with the most brilliant prospects; my interest, added to his own merit, has procured him some very powerful friends, but I am convinced he will rejoice as sincerely as I do at the present fortunate and unexpected change in his future prospects."

The

The steward had listened with tolerable patience to this prolix harangue, but hastily stepped forward while Mr. Westhorpe stopped to take breath, and advancing towards Henry, bowed with the utmost respect, saying, "Allow me, my dear young master, to congratulate you in my turn; my eyes did not deceive me, though I hardly dare permit myself to suppose you were the son of my late beloved master Henry, yet I think I never saw a stronger resemblance between father and son. What happiness Sir William has in store for him! may every blessing attend you in this world and the next, say I, from the very bottom of my soul." Tears of rapture actually stood in the good old man's eyes as he concluded speaking, and there was an expression of honest benevolence in his countenance, which had greatly prepossessed Henry in his favour, who now said,

"I thank you most sincerely, but I protest I feel as if I was hardly awake. I certainly cannot blame you, Sir, (looking at Mr.

Mr. Westhorpe) since you merely obeyed my father's orders, and don't doubt but had you been acquainted with the recent events that have taken place in my grandfather's family, you would in some measure have prepared me for this sudden transition."

"Most certainly, my dear nephew."

"I am astonished, Mr. Westhorpe," said the steward, "you should be so totally ignorant of the changes that have taken place in a family your nephew was so nearly connected with."

"This hint by no means pleased the person to whom it was addressed, and he said, with some hesitation, I have not been in England for some years, Sir; but this very morning I commissioned a friend, who is on the eve of his departure for London, to make some inquiries concerning the Cleveland family, without giving him reason to suppose me very much interested in the result. You saw the very gentleman here this evening, Henry, Sir Richard Claymore."

Henry did not give his uncle the most unbounded credit for his veracity in this instance, but took no notice, and the steward's looks seemed to say this is very possible."

Mr. Westhorpe, now totally recovered from his confusion, and excessively happy to find he had acquitted himself so much to the satisfaction of his audience, again took Henry's hand, and renewed his congratulations in the strongest terms.

Henry was excessively at a loss to define his own feelings upon this occasion; he instantly perceived all the advantages were likely to arise from his grandfather thus publicly acknowledging him for his heir: it would certainly add considerably to the happiness of his Josephine to find him thus raised perhaps to an equality with herself in point of birth and fortune, yet he must immediately quit the kingdom she inhabited, perhaps he should not be able to hear from
her

her again. This unexpected change in his circumstances might induce her to acknowledge their marriage; then how would his grandfather approve of his having married a foreigner? however, at present he was bound in honour not to disclose the secret, and what had he to dread from Sir William's displeasure? what vast merit was there in what the Baronet had done? and should he disinherit him, (if such a thing was in his power) he was not in want of his fortune. These reflections crowded upon his mind so rapidly, that he remained for some time buried in thought. The steward roused him by turning over some papers in his pocket-book which he held in his hand. Henry gave a look round him; Mr. Westhorpe's eyes were fixed upon the steward; his wife's countenance had undergone a total change—her face was unusually lengthened, and her eyes expressed a sort of penitential sorrow; she raised her hands mechanically when she caught Henry's eyes upon her, and said, in an audible whisper, “The Lord be praised for

for all things!" This pious ejaculation astonished him, and the old steward had some difficulty to conceal a smile, having overheard great part of the scene which had preceded his entrance.

Mr. Westhorpe, who had perceived the effect his wife's piety had upon his nephew, said, "Why, my dear, what are you thinking of? you do not wish our Henry joy upon this happy event."

The good lady, gently raising her eyes, said, "No one rejoices more, my dear; I have been offering up my prayers for his future welfare,—may the Almighty continue to shower down his blessings upon him. I know I have often, though unasked, offered him my advice from the purest motives, (for no one was more interested in his happiness) and I looked upon it my duty to watch over him as much as I did over his cousins"

This grave speech did not please her husband; he saw it had diverted both
Henry

Henry and the steward, and that was not exactly what he wished, so he said, in a pettish tone, "No more moralizing, I entreat."

"I am very sorry if I have not expressed myself properly, my dear," said the now gentle Mrs. Westhorpe; "I have really been very much flurried, my dear nephew; may heaven bless and preserve you; I am sure your generous heart will make many a one rejoice at your good fortune."

The old steward, who was waiting, with some papers in his hand, the conclusion of Mrs. Westhorpe's kind wishes, now presented a letter to Henry, saying, "From your grandfather, Sir, and I was particularly ordered by Sir William to tell you when I delivered it, that the expressions it contained are by no means equivalent to the affection he already feels for you, nor the impatience with which he expects your arrival; and I may safely add, if the most unbounded regard and unlimited indulgence can insure
your

your felicity in this world, you will be completely happy."

Henry could not help thinking there was some degree of resemblance in point of disposition between his grandfather and his aunt, and could not very well reconcile himself to these professions of regard, as Sir William had never yet seen him; besides, this sudden change from absolute neglect to downright adoration was almost ludicrous in his opinion. He did not, however, communicate his thoughts to the steward, but took the proffered letter in silence; it was directed to Henry Cleveland, Esq. and contained the most flattering promises and assurances of gratifying every wish he could form, by way of atoning in a very slight degree for the late unpardonable neglect he had experienced, and concluded, by entreating he would set out for England as speedily as possible, as he (Sir William) should think every moment an age till he was blessed with the sight of his now darling grandson.

Mr.

Mr. Westhorpe had had a letter put into his hands at the same time, and from the same person; it merely contained the Baronet's request might have been construed into a polite order, that he would allow his grandson to return with the bearer, as he should in future supply the place of his deceased parents, which he had been informed Mr. Westhorpe had *in some measure* hitherto done. The words *some measure* were a tacit reproach Mr. Westhorpe did not relish, particularly as his own conscience forced him to plead guilty to the charge.

He was vainly endeavouring to silence this disagreeable monitor, when a great bustle in the passage announced the return of his children, who all three bounced into the room, totally regardless of the stranger; the young gentlemen each exclaiming, "Oh, here is Harry! why when did you come?" while Miss Westhorpe, with a disdainful toss of the head, said, "Are those smart half boots

boots a Spa or a Parisian fashion? I presume they are cast-offs of the Marquis D'Orcy's."

This unfortunate speech quite shocked Mr. and Mrs. Westhorpe.—Henry merely smiled and said, "I am very happy to see you, Miss Westhorpe, and you, gentlemen," bowing to the young men.

"Mercy on us! mind how formal Henry is grown," said the elder son.

"Pray do you know who you are talking to?" said Mr. Westhorpe, in an angry peremptory tone; "don't you see there is a stranger present,—what a way to address your cousin."

Their father's looks convinced them all that they had committed some egregious blunder; and they now stared first at him, then at Henry, and lastly at the stranger, in silent wonder and amaze. The steward was highly diverted, seeing Henry unable any longer to keep his countenance, laughing very heartily at his now humbled cousins, to whom

whom Mr. Westhorpe, in a pompous strain, explained the purport of the stranger's visit.

The young people all tried to appear excessively rejoiced, and each formed their mouth into a sort of vacant smile while they attempted to congratulate Henry.

Mrs. Westhorpe, who remarked their evident confusion, said, her children, like herself, were too much surprised to express themselves as they wished.—Henry assured them he was convinced they all equally rejoiced at his good fortune.

They all affected to take his speech in the literal sense, though each felt his real meaning very severely.—However, in a few minutes the whole family got seated. Miss Westhorpe was infinitely more mortified than her brothers; she had always indulged her natural ill-humour and propensity to satire whenever Henry was a resident in his uncle's house, and even during the short visits

visits he paid them, while he remained at the English college, and had tried to affront him that very evening. She now wished (though she hardly knew how) to atone for her past and present behaviour, therefore, in an unusual dulcet voice, said, "Pray when did you arrive, cousin?"

"This evening, Madam," was the answer.

"Bless me, why did not you let us know? I am sure I would not have engaged myself out."

"You are too obliging, Madam," said Henry, "I should have been excessively sorry had I been the occasion of depriving you of any amusement, hitherto I have had the good fortune to afford you no small share."

This remark did not raise the young lady's spirits; and Mr. Johnstone (the name of the steward) asked his young master, when it would be convenient for him to leave St. Omers? adding, he

he knew Sir William's impatience would not allow him to enjoy a moment's pleasure till he had seen his grandson.

"I will set out to-morrow, if possible, my good friend," said Harry. "I wish as far as lies in my power to conform in every respect to my grandfather's wishes, but I am not absolutely my own master, nor do I know whether I can leave the kingdom without a leave of absence from my Colonel."

"Oh, your friend the Marquis D'Orcey will take that matter upon himself, I dare say," said Mr. Westhorpe, "and the sooner you set off the better; much as myself and family shall regret to part with you, I would not have you disoblige Sir William upon our account for the universe. You know it is one of my maxims, my dear Henry, to "welcome the coming, speed the parting, friend."

"I came over in Sir William's travelling post-chaise, Sir," said the steward, "and your grandfather has sent two servants to attend you to England, as he wishes you

henceforward to appear in a style suitable to your rank in life and future expectations."

Had this brilliant prospect been held out to Henry before he went to Spa, it would have affected him very differently, though he felt rather flattered when he reflected he was no longer absolutely dependant even upon his beloved Josephine, but determined to write her a full account of all that had befallen him before he left St. Omers; what perplexed him most now, was to guess how his grandfather knew so readily where to send for him, he therefore immediately asked Mr. Johnstone:

"Sir William has been some time in discovering your present residence, Sir; I have travelled a great way to learn where you were. Soon after your late cousin's death, Sir William asked me whether the son he had heard his beloved Henry had left behind him was still living? I was not able to answer this question, though I have been
upwards

upwards of five and twenty years in Sir William's service, and perfectly remember your father's marriage with Miss Westhorpe; but immediately after that event, I was ordered in common with all his household never to mention Colonel Cleveland's name, and merely learnt his untimely death in defence of his country through the medium of a newspaper."

A tear stole down the old man's cheek at the recollection, and Henry was affected, convinced now of the extent of his loss by the affection this worthy man seemed to have had for his father.

The steward thus proceeded: "I advised Sir William to apply to Colonel Falkland, who had been one of Colonel Cleveland's most intimate friends, and was the most likely person I then thought to give him the wished-for information; this gentleman is now upon the Continent, and Sir William's impatience would hardly allow me

time to procure the Colonel's address before I was dispatched with a letter to Yverdun, in Switzerland, where he then resided. I had the good fortune to meet with him, but all the information he could give me merely amounted to this, that he had seen you while an infant soon after your father's departure for America, and that you were then at nurse in a village near Lincoln, with a Dame Whitaker, and was living, for any thing he knew to the contrary; but that your maternal uncle, Mr. Westhorpe, who resided at Lincoln, would certainly be able to give me the latest account of you. I returned to England and gave in my report, and was only allowed to spend one night at Cleveland House before I was dispatched to Lincoln; there I learnt that Mr. Westhorpe now resided upon the Continent, but where, no one could inform me; so I proceeded to Dame Whitaker's, who was very communicative, good soul, (giving Mr. Westhorpe a look, as much as to say she had not spoke much in his praise,) and referred me for farther particulars

ticulars to Mr. Parker, where I learnt all I wished to know, and am very happy to find my travels are now drawing to a conclusion."

Mr. Westhorpe had not sat very easy upon his chair during the latter part of the steward's story; he hemmed, coughed, and looked every way but at the good man and Henry, which by no means raised him in the latter's opinion, and he did not seem to stand very high in the former's.

Mr. Johnstone now rose to take his leave, telling his young master he had stopped at the post-house where he had left the servants and carriage, and would wait upon him at his own hour in the morning to receive his commands, which he hoped would be to prepare for their departure.

"I trust you will not be disappointed, my good friend," said Henry; "you will find me in the Rue St. Bertin—any body will

inform you where the Marquis D'Orcy lodges."

Mr. Westhorpe eagerly said, "Oh! but we cannot think of parting with you to-night, my dear Harry, Mr. Johnstone will both sup and breakfast here, and you can pay the Marquis a visit; but you must favour us with your company this evening."

Mr. Johnstone bowed, and said, "Though honoured by Sir William Cleveland's confidence, Mr. Westhorpe, I do not presume to look upon myself as his or his grandson's companion. I shall certainly wait upon you, Sir, (turning to Henry) by nine o'clock to-morrow morning."

"You will find me up, Mr. Johnstone," said Henry, accompanying him to the door, for Mr. Westhorpe seemed almost annihilated by the return his kind invitation had met with.

Henry returned before he had recovered from his consternation, and taking up his hat and cane, wished all these kind relations
a good

a good evening. Mr. Westhorpe in vain tried to induce him to alter his intention; all his eloquence was thrown away. Mrs. Westhorpe could not assume courage enough to second his entreaties, after what had passed before the Baronet, and the young folks were silent through different motives, so Henry was allowed to depart, and a most serious general family quarrel took place the moment his back was turned. Each was an accuser, and accused in turn; and every one tried to place the harsh treatment Henry had always experienced to the account of the others, till Mr. Westhorpe, after sending them all to the d—v—l, commanded silence, and then told them he should wait upon Henry in the morning, when he hoped to bring about a thorough reconciliation before they parted, though he had nothing to reproach himself with; he had always tried to serve and oblige his nephew, and he desired his greatest enemy to say to the contrary; he could account for every farthing he had received from Colonel Cleveland at a mi-

nute's warning, and he was convinced Sir William and Henry would both say he had been a faithful steward.

This panegyric upon himself was interrupted by the appearance of supper, and he sat down with the rest of his family; none of them enjoyed their meal, and each in secret reproached themselves with being the occasion of Henry's absence.

They all retired early, and Mr. Westhorpe determined to rise with the sun, to convince his nephew of the great wish he now felt to oblige him, and to learn when he set out for England.

CHAP. XIV.

HENRY hurried back to the Marquis's apartments, without calling upon the Chevalier Macharty, eager to communicate the steward's arrival, to his best friend. He was actually breathless when he entered the saloon, where he found the Marquis and Chevalier, who having heard of their arrival, had hastened to welcome them both to St. Omers.

“My dear Henry, I thought you long,” said the Marquis; “but you seem warm,

do sit down and recover yourself before you inform me what has detained you."

Henry flung himself into a chair, and in a few seconds began to repeat nearly word for word all that had passed since he left the Marquis, who, when he had concluded, congratulated him very sincerely, adding, with an expressive look, "I need not tell you how fully I participate in the pleasure this unexpected discovery of your father's family has given you."

The Chevalier expressed his joy in the kindest terms. The Marquis gave immediate orders to have no one else admitted, saying, "As this will be the last evening I shall spend in your company for some time, my dear Harry, I am determined not to be interrupted. I would have you leave St. Omers to-morrow, I will be answerable for your absence, and mean to accompany you to Calais."

Henry

Henry perfectly understood the Marquis's kind intentions, and shewed him his grandfather's letter.

"If he does but keep all these promises, Henry," said the Marquis, "I shall think he is really resolved to make you all the amends in his power for his past neglect; however, do not be too sanguine in your expectations, he may write and act very differently."

"Well, let us hope for the best," said the Chevalier, "our young friend has been particularly fortunate hitherto, and I sincerely rejoice at the alteration which has taken place in his circumstances. I served in the war in which your father lost his life, and remember the circumstance; he died gloriously, fighting for his king and country, and was universally regretted by the British army. I little thought, when Mr. Westhorpe first introduced you to me, you were the son of Colonel Cleveland, and must say, I now blame him excessively for not having

procured you a commission in your late father's regiment, and for concealing your name and family."

"Well, I forgive him," said the Marquis, "because his unaccountable behaviour (for as such it now strikes me) has brought me acquainted with his nephew."

The appearance of a servant to inform them supper was ready broke off the conversation, and they had all three so much to say, and were so unwilling to part, that it was daylight before they thought of separating. The Chevalier then took his leave. The Marquis said he would lay down for a couple of hours, as Henry proposed writing to his Josephine, not having the slightest inclination to sleep. He had so many things to say to her, that he hardly knew how to begin, and had but just finished his letter when Johnstone made his appearance to receive his orders, and was excessively happy to find his young master's intentions coincided exactly with his own and Sir William's wishes. Henry told him
he

he should accompany the Marquis D'Orey in his carriage to Calais, but desired him to send for his baggage, which was all ready packed up, having so lately come off a journey, that it might be put upon his grandfather's postchaise. The old man took his leave in an excellent humour, promising all should be ready by eleven o'clock, the time the Marquis had appointed for their departure; and as that gentleman was not yet stirring, he thought he would go and take a final leave of his uncle and family, therefore, leaving word he should return to breakfast, he walked to their house.

Mr. Westhorpe had altered his intention of paying his nephew a visit, not presuming he would think of leaving St. Omers so soon, and was busily employed in making out his accounts, wishing to deliver them up before they parted. When Henry knocked at the door, Cecile ran to let him in, and ushered him, without ceremony, into the parlour where her master was sitting, immersed in
the

the business we have already mentioned. He started up and flew to meet him; Henry by no means flattered by this surprising alteration in his behaviour, told him of his intended speedy departure, and proceeded to bid him adieu. Mr. Westhorpe was distressed beyond measure; he sent for his wife and children, who all joined in his entreaties that this now dear nephew and cousin would stay and breakfast, for they had hoped to have enjoyed his company at dinner. Henry alledged the engagement he was under to the Marquis, and wishing them all health and happiness, was for hastening away. Mr. Westhorpe, to detain him a few minutes, informed him what he was about, and said, he should be ready to deliver up his accounts in a very few days, but entreated he would accept of fifty Louis for his immediate use, he could get them exchanged for guineas at Calais; had he guessed he would have set off so soon, he would have saved him the trouble. By way of convincing his uncle and family his last visit merely proceeded from

from politeness, and that he was no longer in want of any pecuniary aid they could have afforded him, he took his purse (a present of his Josephine's) out of his waistcoat pocket, in which was upwards of a hundred double Louis, saying, "You perceive I am not in *immediate* want of cash, my dear Sir, so must beg leave to decline your kind offer."

This perfectly silenced, as well as astonished, Mr. Westhorpe, who again attempted to apologize for his past conduct; Mrs. Westhorpe followed his example, protesting she had always been actuated by a wish to serve him; the cousins spoke in their turn, and at last, completely tired of listening to the absurd excuses they all endeavoured to make for behaviour they were conscious would admit of none, Henry left the house. Having bestowed a double Louis upon Cecile as he crossed the passage, she followed him to return him thanks to the very door of the house the Marquis inhabited, calling down blessings upon his head from every Saint she worshipped,

shipped, and lastly, promising to address the Virgin in his favour.

The Marquis was up and waiting his return. Henry immediately gave him the letter he had been writing, which the Marquis locked up and promised to dispatch express the next morning, inclosed in one he meant to write, to entreat the fair Josephine would honour him so far as to send her answer to him, which he would forward to his friend with all possible speed.

The Chevalier Macharty came in during their meal, and just as both the carriages drove to the door, the Westhorpe family made their appearance, determined to see their dear relation safe off. Henry was obliged to renew his *adieux*, and even to embrace his aunt and cousin; the former of whom affected to shed tears. The Marquis had the utmost difficulty to keep his countenance, and Henry was excessively glad when he proposed setting off, and still more so when

when they were upon the move, and had lost sight of this *amiable* family.

The moment they were without the gates, the two friends entered upon the subject nearest both their hearts. Henry begged the Marquis would favour him with his advice, for he foresaw his marriage would not meet with his grandfather's approbation, was he at liberty to mention it to him, and did not relish the thoughts of living in a continual state of dissimulation with so near a relation.

"Your's is certainly not at present a very enviable situation, my dear Harry," said the Marquis: "separated from the woman you adore, and upon whom you have a legal right, and yet forced to appear in the character of a bachelor, and most likely upon the eve of being tormented to enter into other engagements, I really cannot venture even to offer my advice, you must be guided wholly by circumstances. The more I reflect

flect upon the past, the more I find to blamè in your uncle's conduct; that he should wish to place you in the French service, with the prospects your father's rank, memory, and glorious death gave you in that of your own country is truly wonderful, and I think Colonel Cleveland must have left much more behind him than he seems willing to account for. Your grandfather is in very opulent circumstances, I should suppose."

"I rather presume so," said Henry, "but at present I know very little about him, except that he is a Baronet, and that his name is Cleveland. I did not chuse to ask my uncle to let me into his family history last night, and could not very well question the steward, but a little time will make me acquainted with every thing I wish to know; and though like you, Marquis, I blame my uncle, still I think my grandfather has much more to answer for."

"Undoubtedly; nor can I discover any merit in his present behaviour, for I presume his title and estates must devolve to you at his

his demise; but as, from the steward's account, I take him to be an obstinate, capricious old man, I am afraid your time will not pass very agreeably; I dare say he will wish to have you married, and will expect you should conform to all his fancies; therefore, if you find his house uncomfortable, e'en take your leave of him and return to France, you do not want his money, and it will be time enough when he dies to return and take possession of what he cannot deprive you of. I shall not solicit your discharge from the French service till you find whether you are likely or not to remain in England; in the mean time write to me often, I will undertake to forward all your letters to your lovely wife, and to inclose her's to you; be it your care that none of them fall into the old gentleman's hands. What have you said to your Josephine?"

"I have related every thing that has passed since my return to St Omers, and have assured her, that if she will allow me publicly to assume the title I prize above all others,

others, that of her husband, I will forego every advantage this reconciliation holds out to me, rather than spend another week at a distance from her."

"Bravo! spoken like Oroodates himself. Well, I dare say I shall soon have her answer; but I shall not forward it to you until I have heard how you go on, and have got a particular direction."

"That I will send you the day after my arrival in town; and you may depend upon it I shall not make myself subservient to the absolute will and caprice of an old man, who has not as yet given me any room either to love or esteem him; therefore, do not be surprised if you should see me again in France before you leave St. Omers."

"I protest I almost wish I may," said the Marquis, "as I long more than ever to see you make your appearance in Paris as the husband of the charming Josephine."

Having

Having thus settled all their future plans, and changed horses at Ardres, (the road being quite level and very smooth) the two friends, from having been up all night, felt an inclination to doze they were not inclined to resist, therefore we will leave them to pursue their journey to Calais, while we take the liberty of retrograding a few steps to account for the steward's appearance at St. Omers, and to give the reader a flight sketch of Sir William Cleveland's family history.

CHAP. XV.

AS it will be necessary to give a summary account of some characters which have already made their appearance in the foregoing sheets, and of some who will be introduced in due time to the notice of our readers.

We shall begin with Mr. Westhorpe, of whose family and origin little has been hitherto said. He was the only son of an eminent physician of Lincoln, and had been brought up to succeed his father in his business, and was pursuing his studies at college
for

for this purpose when his father died, and left him and a lovely girl, his only daughter, to lament the irreparable loss they both sustained.

Mr. Westhorpe, who was not partial to the medical line, being now at liberty to follow the bent of his inclinations, left *Alma Mater* at the age of three and twenty, and accompanied a young man of fortune, a college friend, upon his travels.

Miss Westhorpe, who was now about eighteen, had received one of the best educations a London boarding-school was capable of affording. Her great beauty and accomplishments compensated in some measure for her want of fortune, for Dr. Westhorpe had not been able to leave her more than two thousand pounds; she grieved most sincerely for his death, and retired to the house of a distant relation, who had always been very fond of her. She constantly corresponded with a young lady with whom she
had

had contracted a particular friendship while at school, and of course informed her of the melancholy event which had taken place in her family.

This lady had lately married a very rich country gentleman of the name of Falkland, to whom she immediately imparted the misfortune of her juvenile friend, and received his free consent to offer her an asylum in their house; she instantly wrote to Miss Westhorpe, and invited her in the most pressing terms to take up her abode at Norman-ton, a small village in Rutlandshire, where Mr. Falkland had a charming seat. Miss Westhorpe was too much gratified by the kind interest Mrs. Falkland seemed to take in her future welfare, to hesitate a moment about accepting her proposal; she therefore soon became a resident in her house; and though nothing was further from Mrs. Falkland's intentions, was looked upon by the people of fashion in the environs as that lady's humble companion.

Mr. Falkland had an only brother, several years younger than himself, who was in the guards; but when not obliged to be upon duty, he spent the greatest part of his time at Normanton. To an elegant, manly person, he united every social virtue, and was much more fitted for a country life than the one his father had chosen for him, as he was naturally rather reserved, and by no means fond of dissipation, nor of mixing in those brilliant societies he was obliged to frequent during his residence in the metropolis, as his fortune was fully adequate to his situation in life, and totally independent of his brother; they were therefore excellent friends, and sincerely attached to each other. He came as usual to Normanton soon after Miss Westhorpe's arrival there, and a similarity of disposition (which he soon discovered) induced him to pay the greatest attention to this truly lovely girl, who improved so much upon acquaintance, that in less than two months he formed the resolution of making her an offer of his hand. Hitherto

Miss Westhorpe had merely treated him with the most distinguished politeness, and he was like Osmyn in Zara, "would have thought himself hated if he had not been adored;" he therefore determined to redouble his endeavours to please, without mentioning the word love, till he received some further encouragement; but this reserve proved fatal in the sequel to his peace of mind.

Among his most intimate friends, was a young officer in the same regiment, of the name of Cleveland, who to one of the finest figures united every other advantage; he had had the best education Eaton and Cambridge afforded, was of a lively disposition, formed, in short, to please, and universally beloved. He was the younger son of a Nabob, who had enriched himself almost beyond a precedent upon the plains of Indostan; and having married the only daughter of a brother Nabob, had also inherited his immense fortune. Two sons were the
only

only fruits of this union, whom he sent to England for their education at a very early age; they were consigned to the care of a distant relation, and sent to Eaton soon after their arrival, from whence they went to Cambridge, and had not been there many months when their father returned to his native country, after an absence of five and twenty years. He was still at a time of life to enjoy the pleasures London abounds with, and thought to dazzle the metropolis with the splendour of his house, equipage, &c.

As he particularly wished to immortalize the name of Cleveland, his first ambition, as soon as his sons left college, was to see them married to women of rank and family; money was not an object, for he would have blushed to acknowledge the extent of his riches; he could easily have purchased a title, but he had sense enough to know such honours would not add much to his consequence: all his hopes of aggrandizement therefore rested upon his sons, who had been

allowed to revel in every luxury England afforded, had always moved in the first circles, and were allowed sufficient incomes to vie in point of expence with young noblemen of the first distinction.

Soon after his return, Mr. or rather Governor Cleveland, for that was the title he in general bore, purchased a very large seat in the North, which had formerly belonged to a very ancient family. Though he was by no means fond of a country life, nor was he at all more partial to the smoke, noise, and filth of London, therefore bought a very large house within a few miles of that great city, where he fixed his household, and began to display all the luxuries of the East with the greatest ostentation. He had now leisure to study the disposition of his sons, with which he was by no means acquainted: the eldest, who was named after his father, William, was very much like him in point of disposition, without his judgment, equally proud, more ostentatious, but by no means
so

so generous, and his ambition far exceeded the old gentleman's; still, he was by no means the favourite, as the Governor soon perceived his youngest son was much more likely to do him honour.

A General in the Company's service had been Henry's godfather, and was remarkably fond of him during his infancy, and this predilection in his favour increased so much as the young man grew up, that when he died he left him ten thousand pounds, independent of his father, and prognosticated he would prove the hopes of the family; and Governor Cleveland, to his no small mortification, found his friend's prediction verified.

However, by way of forming the manners of the elder Mr. Cleveland, he sent him upon his travels as soon as he left college, and purchased a commission in the guards for Henry, who thus became acquainted with Captain Falkland; they were always upon duty to-

gether, and soon became inseparable.— Captain Falkland spent a great deal of his time at Cleveland House when in town, and was not *disliked* by the Governor, which was saying a great deal in his favour, considering his deficiency in point of rank. He had often pressed his friend to pay him a visit during his residence at Normanton; and Captain Cleveland at last consented to his proposal, as the Governor was going to Weymouth, and could very well dispense with his company.

He arrived in Rutlandshire while Captain Falkland, already violently in love, was endeavouring, by every tender attention, to gain the heart of the beautiful Fanny Westhorpe. Doubtful of his success, he had seldom mentioned her in his letters to his friend, and then merely as an agreeable girl, the companion of his sister-in-law, therefore Captain Cleveland was by no means prepared for the sight of so lovely a woman, and was very much astonished at his friend's insensibility,

bility, as her first glance deprived him of his liberty, and every succeeding interview riveted his chains. Differing totally in opinion from his too reserved friend, he took an early opportunity of making his sentiments known to Miss Westhorpe, to whom he was far from indifferent; but she had heard enough of Governor Cleveland's disposition from Captain Falkland to convince her he would never consent to their union, she therefore, though in the politest manner, declined receiving his address."

Captain Cleveland, young, heedless, and impetuous, looked upon his father's displeasure as trifling when put in competition with his future happiness, therefore determined to persevere, and very innocently plunged a dagger into his friend's breast, by informing him of the passion he felt for Fanny Westhorpe, and of his determination (could he obtain her consent) to marry her immediately, and to leave it to time and reason to reconcile the Nabob to the match.

Had Captain Falkland acted with the same frankness, he would not have found a rival in his friend, for Henry Cleveland scorned a base or mean action. He had perceived, with the most poignant regret, that the woman he secretly adored had bestowed her heart upon Captain Cleveland, and this declaration of the latter's convinced him all his future prospects of happiness were overthrown; he attempted, in a faltering tone, and with no small degree of hesitation, to convince his friend of the imprudence of the step he was going to take, represented the consequences his rashness would probably produce, and foretold some of the events which were likely to follow such a breach of filial duty.

Henry Cleveland was deaf to all his remonstrances; the only thing he could have urged with any effect, was his prior love for the object of his choice, which delicacy forbade. Therefore Captain Cleveland renewed his suit with redoubled ardour, and
made

made use of such strong arguments, that he succeeded in raising Miss Westhorpe's scruples; and by way of putting it effectually out of his father's power to oppose his wishes, he set off with his intended bride one fine morning in July for Gretna Green.

The happy couple were missed at breakfast by the family at Normanton, but a letter, which the Captain had left upon his dressing-table, resolved the mystery. Mr. and Mrs. Falkland were excessively hurt, as both of them were sincerely attached to Fanny Westhorpe, and both wished she had married into any other family; as it was, they contented themselves with putting up a fervent prayer for her happiness; and understanding, from the Captain's letter, he had also wrote to his father, they did not chuse to interfere between them upon so nice a point, conscious that any present attempts to excuse the young people would be of no avail.

Captain Falkland, angry with Henry Cleveland, Fanny Westhorpe, and still more so with himself, and disgusted with Norman-ton and its environs, nay, with the world and all its inhabitants, obtained a leave of absence for a twelvemonth and went abroad, where he tried in vain to forget the woman he had so fervently loved.

The Nabob was outrageous upon receiving his son's letter, and a step so derogatory to the family *honour*, (pride he ought to have said) was not to be forgiven; he forbid the Captain his presence in the most peremptory terms, stopped the allowance he had hitherto made him, and struck his name out of his will, nay, carried his resentment so far, as even to prohibit his name from being mentioned in his household.

All this Henry Cleveland was in some measure prepared to expect, but consoled himself by hoping reflection and paternal love would in time soften the bitterness of his

his father's resentment, and the possession of the woman he adored soon reconciled him to his fate. As his income was no longer adequate to the expensive style he had always lived in, he sold out of the guards, bought into a marching regiment, and retired with his wife to a village in Lincolnshire, near the county town, where Mr. Westhorpe then resided. He had returned from his travels much sooner than he intended, and much poorer than when he set out, and had commenced physician, in hopes of obtaining a livelihood upon the mere strength of his name and relationship to his late father, being absolutely deficient both in skill and practice.

Henry, now Major Cleveland, wrote to his friend Falkland upon his return from his matrimonial expedition, and received an answer in a style so different from any of Captain Falkland's former letters, that the intimacy between them ceased from that moment, as the Major attributed his cold

congratulations to very different motives, never having entertained the slightest suspicion of the situation of his heart.

The Nabob remained inflexible ; all his hopes now centered in his eldest son, who returned from his travels very soon after his brother's marriage, and found a favourable opportunity of displaying the *excellence* of his heart ; ever jealous of the superior talents his brother possessed, to learn he had offended beyond forgiveness, was a triumph which far surpassed his most sanguine expectations. Fearful his father should relent, he did all in his power, under pretence of excusing his brother, to widen the breach ; and willing to contribute to the old gentleman's happiness, in less than six months after his return, he gave his hand to the second daughter of a Scotch Earl. This match flattered the Nabob's predominant passion, and for a time obliterated his younger son from his mind, particularly as Lady Margaret promised an increase of family.

Mrs.

Mrs. Henry Cleveland gave birth to a son before the end of a twelvemonth ; this event unfortunately cost her her life, and her husband, before he had overcome the shock he received by her death, was called out to support his country's cause, as his regiment was ordered to embark immediately for America.

At such a time this was a most agreeable summons ; he placed his infant son, then almost six months old, in the hands of a most excellent nurse, and made it well worth her while to do her duty by the child, and recommended him in the strongest terms to the care of his brother-in-law, who was then upon the point of marriage, and left England, as has been before related, never to return, having fell a sacrifice to his bravery at the siege of Quebec.

His father learned the news of his death through the medium of the public papers, and, when too late, began to repent having treated him with such severity, particularly
as

as Lady Margaret, who had engrossed all his thoughts, care, and attention, for near a twelvemonth, grew daily less deserving of his esteem. She had given birth to a son, therefore thought herself at liberty to give way to the bent of her inclinations, gave into all the fashionable follies, and became a dissipated, extravagant, modern fine lady. Her husband's remonstrances were of no avail, and she merely laughed at the old Nabob's grave looks, and the attempts he made to induce her to act with more prudence; in short, she became so careless of her reputation, that at the end of two years Mr. Cleveland found himself obliged to commence a suit in Doctor's Commons, and in due time obtained a legal dissolution of his marriage.

Few events could have been more mortifying to the old man; his young grandson became his only consolation, convinced the noble blood which flowed in his veins would induce him to support the dignity of the
Cleveland

Cleveland family, and transmit the name with still more eclat to future posterity.— He had heard the Colonel had also left a son behind him, but thought it far beneath a man of his consequence to make any inquiries concerning the grandchild of a country physician, who was amply provided for with what he supposed, according to his calculations, the Colonel had left behind him.

Henry Cleveland was therefore left entirely to the care of his uncle, who married the lady often mentioned in the preceding sheets soon after the Colonel sailed for America, and having a family of his own, paid very little attention to his orphan charge; and at the age of five years he placed him (as has been before related) under the care of the excellent Mr. Parker, and removed with his family to the Continent, took up his abode at St. Omers, where he had resided ever since that period, and fulfilled the duty imposed upon him by

6

Colonel

Colonel Cleveland, as has been already mentioned.

But to return to the old Nabob, who often sincerely deplored the untimely loss of his younger son, as his attachment for the elder Mr. Cleveland had long been upon the decline; he had by no means answered the vast expectations he had formed, and he bore his death with a degree of indifference which would not have disgraced a stoic.

His grandson was become the sole object of his affection: while a child, he was lively, good-tempered, and gave many proofs of dawning excellence; but unbounded and mistaken indulgence soon spoiled a natural good disposition, and rendered him vain, capricious, and obstinate; as he grew up, he laughed at his old grandfather's exploded notions; and far from endeavouring to emulate his late father's ambition, which prompted him to associate with only his superiors, he
mixed

mixed with none but his inferiors, and delighted in what he termed fun, which consisted in every species of low amusement the metropolis afforded, was a great adept in the noble science of self-defence, and hoped in time to beat even Mendoza himself; in short, he had attained the true reputation of a low buck; and among his other failings, was avaricious even to excess, or his follies might have impaired the old gentleman's fortune—no very easy matter. However, wishing if possible to work a revolution in his manners and way of thinking, the Nabob planned a match between this hopeful youth and the second daughter of a nobleman, whom he had laid under considerable pecuniary obligations, and who wished, by uniting the families, in some measure to acquit the debt he had contracted.

William Cleveland was too much a dependant upon his grandfather's will to allow him to start a single objection to this proposal, and Lady Sophia Courtenay, his intended

intended bride, was in the very same predicament with respect to her father. The settlements were drawn, and every other preparation was in great forwardness, when the spirit of avarice, added to a love of fame, occasioned the death of the intended bridegroom ; he engaged, for a bet of five hundred pounds, to run five miles in five and thirty minutes, which he performed within the time, and brought on a pleurisy, which carried him to the grave in less than a week.

The Nabob felt this stroke very severely; to have all his hopes overthrown just as he was upon the point of realizing the sanguine expectations he had formed, and in so dreadful a manner, entirely overcame his remaining stock of fortitude, and he began to reflect very seriously upon his past conduct, and almost to look upon the disappointment and loss he had met with as a punishment due in some measure for his behaviour to his once darling Henry, and still more, for the
shameful

shameful indifference and neglect which had hitherto prevented him from making any inquiries concerning the son he had left behind him. He therefore, by way of making every reparation in his power, determined, if the unfortunate youth was still alive, to acknowledge, provide for, and protect him; a natural good disposition, added to an excellent heart, which even ambition had not been able to pervert, but merely to mislead, confirmed him in these resolutions, and induced him to apply to Johnstone for information concerning his grandson, as has been already related, and to dispatch him in search of Colonel Falkland.

During his absence, the Nabob was raised to the dignity of a Baronet of Great-Britain. This promotion was not altogether unexpected, but greatly increased his impatience to discover the present heir to his title and estates, and made him more than ever regret his not having paid proper attention to his education.

Johnstone's.

Johnstone's return with the unsatisfactory account he had gathered from Colonel Falkland hurt him excessively; however, he still retained hopes of being more fortunate in his next inquiries, so dispatched the old man with all possible expedition to Lincoln. No Mr. Westhorpe was to be found, nay, the name was almost forgotten in the town, as fifteen years had now elapsed since that gentleman had left the place; however, by dint of inquiries, aided by a little money, properly distributed, Johnstone was directed to Dame Whitaker, who had nursed the child he was so anxious about. This good woman gave him a very prolix narrative of Colonel Cleveland's departure for America; her own sorrow upon the occasion, and the grief she felt when she heard of his death, adding with a sigh, "God knows, I did not then know what a bitter loss my dear little Harry had sustained; for, from the time Mr. Westhorpe learned his father's death, he took no more notice of the child than tho' he had belonged to the parish; he made
shift

shift to pay me my money, and that was as much as he did, and just allowed the sweet baby enough clothes to cover him, for I am sure he might have stood upright in all he had, and at the end of five years he sent me with him to Bishop Auckland, to a Mr. Parker, and there I left the dear little soul, and have never seen him since, and whether he is alive or dead, I know no more than the man in the moon."

She ran on a great deal more in Henry's praise, and bestowed many bitter reproaches upon Mr. Westhorpe, which convinced Johnstone he had by no means fulfilled the duty imposed upon him; and having rewarded the good woman for her information, and given her to understand her favourite Henry would, if still alive, be amply provided for, he set out for Bishop-Auckland, after dispatching a letter to Sir William, to inform him of the success he had hitherto met with.

Mr.

Mr. and Mrs. Parker soon set his heart at ease, and informed him where Mr. Westhorpe resided; though they did not censure, they by no means testified their approbation of his conduct, but bestowed great and very just praises upon their former pupil, mentioned his present prospects, and thought St. Omers the most likely place to meet with him; at all events, Mr. Westhorpe could give them his direction; they shewed the old man his last letter, which was dated Spa, and rejoiced very sincerely at the unexpected turn which fortune had taken in his favour.

Johnstone set off upon his return in excellent spirits, and soon reached Cleveland House, where he repeated all he had learned to Sir William, whose conscience gave him some severe reproaches upon his past conduct towards this son of his once favourite Henry, during the recital; and as his impatience to atone for the past, and to see this now-beloved grandson, increased every moment, Johnstone set out once more, with
orders

orders not to return alone ; and was excessively happy to meet so opportunely with the object of his search upon his arrival at St. Omers.

CHAP. XVI.

THE Marquis and Henry reached Calais between two and three o'clock, and soon sat down to a most excellent dinner. Henry had told Johnstone he wished to cross the water as soon as possible ; and while the friends were drinking their coffee, he came in to let his young master know the result of his inquiries concerning the packet boats.

At

At St. Omers he had foreseen there would be plenty of Captains eager to solicit for such a freight, but was disappointed in his expectations, as all, save one, had failed with the morning tide, and the wind being contrary from Dover, no others were come in. The Captain now in port was the very one Johnstone had crossed with twice before, and stood very high in his favour; but unfortunately he was engaged, though not freighted, but had agreed to accommodate eight passengers, and to sail with the next tide. All this Johnstone repeated to Henry, adding, as the wind was very fair, he would have a short passage, though it would certainly be much more agreeable to have a vessel to himself. Henry, who rather thought the mixture of company might prove an amusement, said, "As my grandfather will most likely be uneasy, Mr. Johnstone, should we be detained here even for a few days, which is very likely to prove the case, should the wind continue contrary from
Dover,

Dover, if we can be accommodated in any way, I should prefer sailing this evening."

Johnstone's eyes sparkled with delight at Henry's determination; he was all anxiety to relieve Sir William from his present state of suspense, and excessively happy at the thoughts of returning with this favourite Captain, having a very high opinion of his skill, and not being very courageous upon the sea, he therefore said he would be answerable the Captain would secure the best accommodations the packet afforded for his young master, so he would have the carriage put on board without delay, as the gates of the port would be shut by half past six; though they should not be able to sail before eleven, but his master need not go on board till the last moment, as the Captain had promised, in case they went with him, to procure him a very comfortable room to sit in without the gates.

“Oh! tell the Captain not to give himself that trouble,” said the Marquis, “I possess sufficient power to have the gates opened at any time, therefore your master and I will sup where we are, and I will see him safe out of the town at his own hour.”

Matters being thus settled, Johnstone went to see every thing put on board, while the Marquis and Henry took a walk and called upon the commandant, to whom the former preferred his request concerning the gates, which was immediately granted in the politest manner; and after a very agreeable evening, the Marquis accompanied Henry to the port. Just without the gates, they met the Captain, who said the vessel was afloat, and he would be under way in five minutes at farthest; he had hardly done speaking, before the steward of the vessel came up and addressed Johnstone, who was behind his master and the Marquis, to tell him that he had prepared the farthest bed to the right hand from the door for Mr. Cleveland,

Cleveland, had let the curtains down, and told the other passengers it was bespoke. Johnstone thanked the man for his attention, and assured him he should not go unrewarded.

Upon the pier the Marquis and Henry took leave of each other with mutual regret, and the latter stepped on board. Johnstone and the two footmen Sir William had sent over to attend him followed him down the ladder, and the old steward immediately entreated Henry to go down stairs, the evening was very cold, and he would not find his great coat a sufficient protection against the weather; for his own part, he would stay upon deck till they were out of port, he was never afraid when a vessel had plenty of sea room. Henry, unaccustomed to any sort of fear, merely smiled at the good old man's precaution, but finding himself rather chill, agreed to follow his advice, therefore began to descend the stairs; while Johnstone kept assuring him, either he

or the footmen would always be within call if he wanted any attendance. In the cabin Henry found the eight passengers the old man had mentioned; the vessel was not calculated to accommodate a larger party, as there were only that number of beds. There were five gentlemen and three ladies; but Henry had hardly looked round him, before he was addressed by one of the former in an imperious, commanding tone, with—
“O ho! young fellow! what, bound for England; oh! I suppose you could not agree with your uncle better than you did with your aunt.”

“I am perfectly indifferent about your suppositions, Sir Richard,” said Henry, but will satisfy your curiosity so far, as to inform you I am going to England.”

It must be needless to add that the first speaker was Sir Richard Claymore, who by no means relished Henry's answer, nor the tone in which it was delivered, therefore instantly turned from him, and addressed
some

some frivolous question to his wife. Next to the Baronet sat a gentleman, about five and thirty, whose back was towards the bed Henry had understood was prepared for him; a short, stout figure, fair complexion, very small eyes, and red hair, had a sort of leer or sly expression upon his countenance when he looked at any body, and his head was in general reclined towards his right shoulder; he was dressed in what he denominated a plaid silk great coat, (not a very warm garment for the season) dirty boots, &c. and was the greatest man in company in his own opinion, not even excepting the Baronet; he glanced his eyes over Henry, whom he concluded was a person of no consequence, (not from his appearance, but the familiarity with which Sir Richard treated him) and of course set him down as beneath his notice. Opposite this consequential personage sat a very genteel young man in mourning; the other two were gentlemen of the ocean, who had two decent women under their care; Lady Claymore completed the party.

As all the chairs and stools were occupied, Henry seated himself upon a table, just within the door; and the Baronet, who was by no means satisfied, though he had met with such a repulse, addressed him again.

"Why I did not understand last night you were going to England; have you got proper leave of absence? I suppose you are aware of the consequence of leaving France without having taken that precaution, even upon the greatest emergency."

"Perfectly, Sir Richard; I am as well versed in the Grand Monarque's military laws as you can possibly be."

"Oh! God forbid I should ever serve any Sovereign but the King of England," said the Baronet; "but you have not answered my question."

"Because my actions cannot concern you, Sir Richard, nor am I accustomed to be thus interrogated by an almost total stranger."

"You are a very impertinent low fellow," said the Baronet in a rage; "your behaviour
to

to your aunt last night gave me a convincing proof how undeserving you are even of the protection of such near relations, but you seem to have adopted the manners of the society you frequent, low-bred French Officers, whose money is all laid out in dress."

The Baronet made this remark, by way of accounting for the difference between his appearance (which was excessively shabby) and that of the person he was endeavouring to lower in the opinion of the Company, as Henry, always remarkable for his neatness, had been since his marriage, still more so for elegance in point of dress.

The gentleman in the plaid said, looking at the Baronet, "For my part, Sir Richard, I have long since ceased to judge people from the clothes they wear; young people of any station are seldom acquainted with the value of money."

The Baronet was highly flattered to find himself thus supported ; while Mr. Martin, the young man in black, willing to relieve Henry, said, (addressing the last speaker) "What a pity it is, Duval, this young gentleman's uncle did not article him to you, merely to learn oeconomy."

"I could have taught him how to get money as well as to save it, Mr. Martin, said Duval."

No doubt," said Martin.

Sir Richard, who was much fonder of talking than of listening, and who thought he had perfectly silenced Henry, merely because the other despised him too much to enter into a war of words with him, and was sensible that a packet boat was not the proper place to call him any otherwise to an account for his insolence, said, "I suppose we are to be kept here all night ; I wish to God I had left St. Omers yesterday, then I should have sailed with this morning's tide ; and had I known we were to be kept here
for

for the caprices of any Nabob's grandson, I would have staid a week at Calais before I would have come on board with such a number of people. You must feel yourself very uncomfortable, Lady Claymore."

"I wish we had taken the cabin to ourselves, my dear," said the lady.

Henry could not help smiling at this wish, being pretty well acquainted with the state of their finances, from what had passed at his uncle's over night.

Sir Richard, who guessed what occasioned his mirth, said, in a spiteful tone, "Pray where have you been since the gates were shut, young fellow, till within this quarter of an hour?"

"I have been sitting in a very comfortable room at Dessen's, Sir Richard," was the answer.

"What, are the gates kept open, then," said Sir Richard; "I wish I had known it. Why the Captain hurried us all on board

by seven o'clock; this was a mere manœuvre, I presume, to prevent us changing our minds."

"I saw the gates shut, Sir Richard," said Martin, "therefore the Captain could have no interest in the advice he gave us."

"Then pray how the d—v—l did you get out, young fellow?" said the Baronet.

"The gates were opened for me, Sir Richard," said Henry, very coolly, "at the request of the Marquis D'Orcy, who accompanied me to Calais, and with whom I spent the evening."

"I no longer wonder at either your impertinence or your extravagance," said the great man, "and can only blame your uncle for allowing you to keep such company, and such a man as the Marquis D'Orcy for treating you as his equal; however, I would advise you to seek for a birth in the after-cabin, if you are inclined to lay down, for, by staying in the town, you have lost your chance of a bed here."

"I was informed as I was coming on board, Sir Richard, a bed had been prepared and was reserved for me."

"For you!" said the Baronet, "a bed reserved for you! by whose orders, pray? the Marquis D'Orcy's. A good joke, faith," beginning to laugh.

Duval joined in his mirth, saying, "Your French friend's power, young fellow, will not avail you much on board an English packet boat."

Every one now began to assert their right to the different beds.

"I have made choice of this one, young gentleman," said Mr. Martin, pointing to that upon which laid his great coat; "and as I do not feel at all inclined to make use of it, it is very much at your service."

Henry thanked him in terms which convinced this polite young man he by no means deserved the epithets Sir Richard had

so liberally bestowed upon him ; adding, “ I must certainly have misunderstood what the ship’s steward said, but I will make a farther inquiry into this matter before I leave the packet.”

Duval looked at the Baronet, and began to laugh.

“ I wish you may not have a check put to your mirth, Duval,” said Martin, “ I am certain the steward said the bed you mean to take possession of was bespoke for Mr. Cleveland.”

“ D——n Mr. Cleveland,” said Duval, “ what is he to me, first come first served on board a packet-boat ; by G——d the fellow ought to be very much obliged to us for allowing the Captain to wait his pleasure in this manner ; he will not pay more than we do, I dare say, and only stays in town to display his consequence. I suppose he has got some French friend, who can have the gates opened for him, or else means to bribe the

the officers upon duty ; damme I don't like such upstart, purse-proud fellows giving themselves airs ; here we may lose our tide at Dover while he is getting drunk, ten to one, with Deffain's Champagne. I vote for our obliging the Captain to go to sea."

"You may try what effect your eloquence may have," said Martin, laughing, "but I don't think either your threats or entreaties will induce the Captain to put to sea without the person you seem so heartily to despise."

"Pray who is the fellow?" said Duval, "for damme if I ever heard the name before."

"He is grandson to the great Nabob Sir William Cleveland," said Martin, "so do not plead ignorance now, for depend upon it you will feel his power when he comes on board. I will bet you any sum you chuse to venture you are forced to give up that bed."

"Indeed," said Duval ; "however, if I do may I be d—d, (beginning to undress while

while he was speaking) possession is eleven points of the law, you know."

"Pray, Sir," said the Baronet, who had been all attention from the moment Mr. Martin had mentioned the name of Sir William, "is the young gentleman we expect the grandson of Governor Cleveland? I have a particular reason for making the inquiry."

"So I understand, Sir Richard," said Martin, "from the Captain. I know the Governor has been lately created a Baronet, and is reported to be one of the richest in England."

"I am astonished none of my friends knew of the Governor's having been thus honoured," said Sir Richard; "if they had, they certainly would have wrote me word, as I am now going to England merely to entreat this great man would second an application I mean to make to the East India Company. Perhaps, Sir, you can inform me where he resides in town."

"He does not live in London, Sir Richard, but has one of the most elegant houses within

within the bills of mortality about a quarter of a mile to the right through Vauxhall turnpike."

"I am much obliged to you, Sir," said the Baronet; "you seem acquainted with Sir William."

"In a very slight degree, Sir Richard; I have merely been at Cleveland House some few times upon business."

This last speech rather lowered Mr. Martin in the arrogant Baronet's opinion, who wishing to display his importance, said, "A relation of mine died many years ago in the Company's service, possessed of considerable property, which, as no will could be found, nor no proper application was made, devolved to the Company. Now I am his sole heir, and have long been advised to state my claims, which, merely to oblige my friends, I did some time since; but having neglected to enforce them, I have not hitherto been very successful in my attempt, but have lately learned that Sir William Cleveland and my relation were very intimate; and I am

am told, if he interests himself in my cause, the justice of my claim will meet with proper attention."

"Suppose you try to interest Mr. Cleveland in your favour," said Martin, "you will have an excellent opportunity this evening, and, at all events, he could introduce you to his grandfather."

"True, Mr. Martin," said the Baronet, "I should think this side of the vessel the most commodious; and to prevent a dispute between him and Mr. Duval, I mean to make him an offer of my bed as soon as he comes down."

Henry, who had remained totally silent for some time, sat enjoying the mortification he had in store for Sir Richard, and could not conceal a smile when he heard what a disinterested offer the Baronet meant to make to the person he little thought was so near him. Martin was also obliged to turn his head.

Duval,

Duval, who, after what Sir Richard had said, was convinced he had nothing to fear, began to call out for the steward to come and help him off with his boots. No one answered, and he swore he would not give the lazy rascal a farthing.

Mr. Martin advised him not to give himself the trouble to take them off, as they should not have a long passage.

"If I was at a certainty of not being two hours on board," said Duval, "I would not lay down in them, because I know it stops the circulation of the blood," calling still louder for the steward, still no one appeared. "Here, young man," said he, (looking at Henry) "just take hold of the heel for me, they come off like a glove."

"Then you will have the less trouble with them," said Henry, and I assure you I am very awkward; besides, all this haste is merely to get possession of what you almost acknowledge you have no right to."

"Bravo,

“Bravo, my young friend,” said Martin, “if you do not take care, Duval, it will be a lost cause at last.”

“He may be da——nd, a proud puppy,” said Duval, “I have had his betters to pull my boots off many a time, but I dare say I shall get them off without his assistance,” seizing the fire-shovel to make the attempt; he then having seated himself, fixed it to the toe of one of his boots, and his heel to the other toe, and began to labour away very hard, but while he was thus busily employed, the vessel unfortunately took a roll, made him pitch forward, and fall all his length upon the cabin floor, to the no small diversion of most of the company. He vented his passion in a volley of oaths and execrations, till the Baronet desired he would recollect there were ladies in company; and Martin told him, giving way to passion would certainly make him ill sooner than he wished.

As

As no one offered to assist him, he rose, grumbling most terribly, and vowing vengeance upon the steward, to whom he attributed his misfortune.

The Baronet said he would go upon deck, and inquire what time this young gentleman was expected, or whether he crossed with them at last, for he began to think he had altered his mind, and it was not very agreeable to lay rolling about unmoored, he supposed.

One of the gentleman sailors said, with a laugh, "We have been under way five minutes or more, Sir Richard; we shall have motion enough presently when we cross the bar;" which they did in a few seconds.

"Better and better, by G—d," said Duval, "the descendant of Sir Matthew Mite has altered his mind, or else chuses to stay upon deck; either of which will answer my purpose."

"Don't

"Don't make yourself too sure," said Martin, "your greatest dependance lies in the offer Sir Richard means to make the young Nabob."

"I think I will go upon deck," said the Baronet, "and prevail upon Mr. Cleveland to come down if he is on board, the night air is very dangerous."

"True, Sir Richard," said Martin, "I dare say you could not do Sir William a greater favour."

The Baronet, unconscious of the irony visible upon the speaker's countenance, was actually walking towards the stairs when the Captain of the vessel entered the cabin, followed by Mr. Johnstone, saying, "How are you, ladies and gentlemen? we are safe out, with a fine breeze, and shall be at Dover before the rolls are ready."

"D—nd good news," said Duval, "we all thought we were waiting for another passenger, Where is the young Nabob?"

"The

“The Captain had discovered Henry before Duval had ceased speaking, and turning to him without answering the other, said, “God bless me, Sir, I thought you said you should fling yourself upon a bed, you will find it much more comfortable.”

“Had I known you preferred sitting up, Sir,” said Johnstone, I would have had the carriage lashed upon deck, you might have found it more agreeable.”

The Baronet stared first at the Captain, then at Johnstone, and lastly at Henry, in silent wonder and amaze. Duval, who had got a white night-cap on, which came down to his little ferret eyes, looked truly ludicrous, while astonishment and dread seemed to have absorbed his faculties; and Mr. Martin's countenance displayed the pleasure this unexpected discovery gave him.

The Captain looked anxiously round him, and perceiving the plaid great coat laying upon the bed he had given orders to have
prepared

prepared for Mr. Cleveland, called out in a peremptory tone for Jack Spice ; the steward instantly obeyed the summons. "Did not I order you to keep one of the beds for Mr. Cleveland, you Sir."

"Yes, Sir," was the reply, "and I put one in order as you desired, let the curtains down, and told all the company it was bespoke as soon as they came on board."

"I am convinced the steward is not to blame, Captain," said Henry ; "but I have been given to understand since I came down stairs that the first comers have a right to secure the beds, and I do not wish any of the established rules to be broke through in my favour, another time I shall know better how to act."

The Baronet, whose lips had been going for some time, now said, in a haughty tone, "Pray, Captain, what is all this ? perhaps I shall be able to set this matter right ; has that young fellow had the impudence to impose himself upon you for Sir William Cleveland's

Cleveland's grandson ; if I find he has, by heaven's I will have him severely——”

“ Here the Baronet was interrupted by old Johnstone, who said, in a tone something like his own, “ And pray who are you, Sir, who dare to take such liberties ? this young gentleman is not only the grandson, but the sole heir to Sir William Cleveland's title and estates ; and now let me hear you venture again to dispute the point, that is all.”

Sir Richard again stood motionless, and for some seconds had his doubts whether the person who addressed him was not Sir William himself, till Henry said, in a cool tone, “ Pray do not take the trouble to undeceive Sir Richard Claymore, Mr. Johnstone ; he has seen me once at St. Omers, and fancies he knows a vast deal about me.”

Why z—nds and blood, fellow,” said the Baronet, advancing as close as possible to Henry, and staring him full in the face,

“ You

“ You will not persuade me out of my senses ; is not your name Henry Westhorpe ? am I not acquainted with your uncle, or whoever he is, for few uncle’s would have done so much for you ; have not you been brought up by him, born his name, and lived upon his bounty ; and did not he very lately get you into the French service : do you think I will allow you to impose yourself upon any body for Mr. Cleveland in my presence.”

The Baronet was proceeding, but Johnstone and the Captain both interrupted him, each eager to vindicate the honour of Mr. Cleveland, and to humble the truly insolent Sir Richard ; but Henry interfered, saying, “ your present doubts are much more excusable, Sir Richard, than your former behaviour ; till now I have borne the name of Westhorpe, and I am still in the French service ; thus far I have explained myself for the satisfaction of the company. You are going to visit my grandfather, I understand, and I dare say he will

will answer any further queries concerning me you may wish to have cleared up."

Duval's countenance varied every moment; hope and fear were predominant in turns. The Baronet was staggered, but not convinced; he had gone too far to retract, therefore resolved to continue to suppose Henry an impostor. The rest of the passengers attended to the strange scene in silent wonder.

The Captain, who, from his intimacy with old Johnstone, was perfectly acquainted with Henry's family history, felt himself particularly piqued by the Baronet's behaviour, and said, in an angry tone, "If I had guessed what was likely to happen, Sir Richard, you should all have remained at Calais; Mr. Johnstone would have freighted me at any price, and here were seven of you would not advance a guinea and a half amongst you till I had refused to sail without my usual price, five guineas; and you should have

staid at Calais till doomsday, if that gentleman (looking at Martin) had not arrived and promised to make up the difference, which he is no longer bound to do. But pray, Sir, (turning to Duval) how came you to take possession of that bed? you who said you thought five shillings more than ought to be given for such a short trip."

"Pray, Captain," said Henry, "is it a rule to have beds kept? if not, I must entreat there may be no exceptions in my favour."

"It is done every day, Sir," said the Captain. "I am only sorry I did not accompany you down stairs, I would soon have set matters to rights, I warrant me."

"Duval, who found he was not likely to meet with any further support from the Baronet, said, in an humble tone, "I really had no intention to break through your established customs, nor did I know that gentleman was Mr. Cleveland; besides, what I said was merely in joke."

"Aye, perhaps so," said the Captain, advancing towards the disputed bed, upon which

which laid the elegant great coat, which he seized between his finger and thumb, and flung upon the table which Henry had just rose from, then arranged the pillow, while the old steward, who had been persuading his young master to lie down, was assisting him to take off his coat and shoes; he then, with the Captain's assistance, ascended his couch, declared he found it very comfortable, and hoped to enjoy a very pleasant dose before he reached Dover, as he was excessively sleepy, which was not much to be wondered at, not having been in bed the night before.

The Captain and Mr. Johnstone returned upon deck, after the latter had assured his master he should always be within call in case he was ill.

The Baronet and Duval now ventured to look at each other once more, while Martin sat enjoying their evident consternation.

CHAP. XVII.

SIR Richard was by no means satisfied with this sort of half explanation, and soon determined in his own mind to be at the bottom of this improbable story, as the more he reflected upon it, the more he was convinced it must in a great measure be fictitious. Mrs. Westhorpe had often mentioned Henry Westhorpe as a mere dependant upon her husband's bounty ; he pondered over the scene he had witnessed over night : she
had

had certainly treated this young man very rudely, still he had been more amazed at his behaviour, tried to remember every word that passed, and then found himself more at a loss than ever ; therefore came to a resolution to fathom this iniquitous plot, by which means he might render Sir William Cleveland a most important service, and ingratiate himself into his favour : however, for the present, he thought he might as well remain silent, so consoled himself with the hopes of bringing these daring impostors, (Henry and old Johnstone) to a proper sense of their crimes, convinced Sir William Cleveland's vengeance would overtake them in any corner of the globe. Having thus settled matters in his own mind, Sir Richard gave Duval an exulting look, as much as to say, "time will discover every thing," and flung himself upon the bed.

The rest of the company not having interfered in the dispute, did not chuse to communicate their thoughts to each other

upon the subject. Duval resumed his seat opposite Martin, and tried to arrange himself for his voyage, while he revolved the recent scene in his mind.

Profound silence now ensued for upwards of half an hour; and as the motion of the vessel was almost imperceptible, owing to a fine smooth breeze, Henry soon fell into a sound sleep; and Mr. Martin having made the discovery, thus began to address his opposite neighbour:—

“ You do not look well, Duval; do you think it is owing to the circulation of your blood being stopped, or the present train of your ideas?”

“ Why I must say I feel a little qualmish,” said Duval.

“ I do not wonder at it,” said Martin; “ I should have felt a few qualms myself, if I had given up any thing as shabbily as you did your birth.”

“ Pray

"Pray what would you have done in a similar situation?" said Duval.

"Why, in the first place, if I had thought a man only fit to pull my boots off, as you told that gentleman his betters had frequently done, I would not have given up my bed, except by main force. What an opinion must the descendant of Sir Matthew Mite have formed of your politeness!"

"Well, if I did make use of that expression, it was merely out of sport, and every sensible man knows how to take a joke. But I am not perfectly satisfied, there is something very queer at the bottom of this young man's story."

"If such are your thoughts, why did not you take one side of the question? no matter whether it had been the right or the wrong, you would equally have displayed your talents; you! a special pleader! and give up a good cause so tamely! I positively blush for you; stripped as you were, and in such high spirits, not even to dare to open your mouth; Sir Richard would certainly

have employed you, should any farther notice be taken of what has passed ; had either Erskine or Garrow had such a subject, they would have descanted upon it till they had reached Dover, and thus at last have got off honourably, though they might have been supporting a bad cause."

"I trust, Mr. Martin, I could do a good cause as much justice as either of those two gentlemen ; but some how in this affair I was taken by surprise : how the deuce should this officious Captain know any thing about the matter ? but he expects to get paid for his trouble ; however, I will see him d—nd before I will give him a farthing over and above my half guinea."

"Oh ! there I can excuse you," said Martin ; "you have certainly a great right to be offended with him ; but I still blame you for having given up a point you seemed so determined to contest, while you had a doubt remaining as to the identity of Mr. Cleveland's person, and the regulations of a packet-boat. The plea set up against you
was,

was, that that bed was bespoke for a Mr. Cleveland, grandson to Sir William Cleveland; now, from what Sir Richard Claymore said, you certainly had a right to entertain suspicions that the person who now occupies it is an impostor; I would therefore have insisted upon his giving me chapter and verse as to who he was, what he was, &c. &c. before I would have resigned my claim as you did; and if he could not have satisfied you, you would have remained in possession, and have done the community in general an essential service, by detecting a fraud."

"But suppose I had failed in my attempt, Mr. Martin, consider what might have been the consequence; no, I cannot blame myself for what I have done."

"Then let me tell you, Duval, you ought either to have made proper excuses to Mr. Cleveland, whom you treated with the most gross unpoliteness, or have defended your rights like a man."

“ I begin to fear your talents will never procure you a seat upon the woolfack.”

“ How the d—v—I came you to be so well acquainted with me and my profession, Mr. Martin ; I don’t remember ever having seen you before ; I am of opinion you are also a limb of the law.”

“ That don’t matter,” said Martin ; “ but when a person has once heard you display your eloquence, (and you have just lost a most excellent opportunity, to my great disappointment) they cannot easily forget you. I saw you last summer upon the northern circuit ; you opened a very celebrated cause at York, which you was fortunate enough to gain.”

“ Yes, damme, that I did,” said Duval ; “ I hanged the rascal.”

One of the gentlemen who lay under Mr. Cleveland burst out a laughing, saying, “ An Old Bailey Counsellor, by G—d.”

Duval was highly piqued, and desired the gentleman would keep his impertinent remarks

marks to himself ; and a quarrel would most likely have ensued, if Mr. Martin had not pacified the disputants.

Duval then asked him to let him lay down upon his bed for an hour.

“ I will see if it is soft enough for you first,” said Martin,” stretching himself out upon it immediately. Duval grumbled, but was obliged to content himself with two chairs.

Little passed of any moment till they reached Dover between five and six in the morning ; the Captain and Mr. Johnstone then came down, and the former informed the company they were arrived, that is, they were laying to, for the vessel could not get into port. This news created a general bustle, but Mr. Johnstone was obliged to awake Henry, who declared he had had an excellent night’s rest.

As Duval did not wish to make friends with the Captain, he did not answer him when he inquired how he had bore his voyage, but stalked up stairs by way of getting out of his way.

The Baronet had been fully employed in arranging plans for the detection of the supposed impostors; he would not even look at either Henry or Johnstone, told his lady to remain below while he went upon deck to make a bargain with the boatmen to carry them on shore, having been informed two were coming, and strutted away after Duval.

Henry soon jumped out of bed, and began to dress, while the Baronet, having reached the deck, perceiving two boats alongside the vessel, began to inquire what they would have to land him and Lady Claymore. One of the men said, it depended upon how many were of the party. Duval instantly offered to make one, so the Baronet

was

was to engage for three. They would take them for fifteen shillings the man said, above five, it was three shillings a head. The Baronet swore he would not comply with such a bare-faced extortion; five shillings a piece! he never heard a more unconscionable demand. A violent dispute ensued: in the very height of which, while the Baronet, pale with rage, was abusing the boatmen in the most illiberal terms, Henry came upon deck; and as his servants stood waiting his orders, his Honour was instantly applied to in the most respectful terms. Henry asked no questions concerning price, but told the one who addressed him he should go with him.

The Captain, therefore, without any farther ceremony, jumped into one of the boats, saying, "Allow me to assist you, Sir," holding out his arms to receive Henry on his descent. The sight of the servants, who were in very rich livery, and the respect Henry met with, not only mortified the enraged
Baronet

Baronet, but almost tempted him to believe the young foldier was really the Nabob's grandson; fain would he have questioned the footmen, but that was impossible, as their master was preparing to step into the boat, when Mr. Martin approached him, saying, "Will you do me the favour to allow me to accompany you, Mr. Cleveland, as there really seems very little chance of the other boat getting off for some time; I make it a rule never to dispute with these good people, a shilling or two more or less ought not to be an object upon such occasions. Henry instantly begged he would precede him, which he did, not to keep him waiting; the former and his suite followed him, and the men pushed off.

The Baronet wishing to retrieve some part of his consequence, now offered the other men twelve shillings for the remaining seven passengers; but they swore they would see him and his money at the bottom of the sea first; and to shew him they did not value

value him nor his jaw a rope's end, they would not take him on shore for any price ; " so bear a hand, my lads," said the spokesman, helping to push the boat off, and away they rowed with all their might.

" I guessed how the dispute would end," said the Captain, laughing ; " there they must lie rolling about till nine o'clock."

Mr. Martin accompanied Henry to York House, where they agreed to drink some mulled wine together, and then go to bed for a few hours. While their refection was preparing, Martin told Henry, in return for his politeness, that he was the second son of a Scotch Baronet, and had just been called to the bar ; that he had been to Bruxelles upon business, and had had the advantage of transacting some small concerns for Sir William Cleveland ; laughed very much about Duval, and gave him to understand he knew Sir Richard Claymore was entirely ruined ; adding, " I am no judge of what his claims

may be upon the East-India Company, nor can I suppose his behaviour to you, Mr. Cleveland, will recommend him very strongly to Sir William's favour."

"Oh, I freely forgive him, Sir," said Henry, and was proceeding to explain the sudden alteration which had taken place in his name and circumstances, when Johnstone entered with a waiter who brought the wine.

The old man was excessively happy to find himself once more upon *terra firma*, and still more anxious to let Sir William know his grandson was arrived in England, and to launch out in the young man's praise, for whom he already felt the highest esteem and respect: he therefore, after having asked Henry how he found himself, proceeded to inform him the landlord would see the carriage landed, and all the baggage cleared from the custom-house; but as that did not open before nine, it would be ten o'clock the soonest before every thing would be in readiness.

readiness to leave Dover; he therefore begged leave to proceed to town in one of the stages, which he understood started at seven, as by this means he should have at least a couple of hours advance upon his young master, which would afford him an opportunity to prepare Sir William for his arrival; who, notwithstanding his impatience to see him, might be flurried if he had not some notice of his coming. Henry perfectly agreed with the old man, but insisted upon his performing his journey in a post-chaise, which would be much more expeditious, and not so fatiguing: one was therefore immediately ordered, and the old gentleman set off for London. He had ordered a bed to be prepared for Mr. Cleveland upon their arrival at York House, and Henry was now informed it was ready; but finding his sleepy fit was gone off, and as it began to be very light, and was a very fine morning, said, instead of laying down, he would take a ramble upon the cliffs, and breathe a little British air.

Martin

Martin instantly offered to accompany him, and out they sallied.

An absence of near six years had endeared England to Henry, and he discovered fresh beauties every step he took, though Dover is not the most fertile spot in the kingdom. They took a long walk upon the cliffs, saw the castle, &c. and then returned to the inn; but having seen the packet-boat they had crossed in enter the harbour, they agreed to go and see their fellow-passengers land. The Baronet seemed in a worse temper than when they left him; he affected not to see either Henry or his companion, and when solicited to go to York House, he half snapped the waiter's nose off, saying, "Don't torment me, fellow, I am going to the Ship, which I always use. Duval followed him, and just touched his hat as he passed.

Going forward immediately, Duval?" said Martin.

"Not

“Not till evening, Mr. Martin; I am not fond of travelling alone in a hack-chaise, therefore mean to go in the mail.”

Mr. Martin would not take the hint, but wishing him a pleasant journey, returned to York House with Henry. They found their breakfast ready; and during their meal, Henry asked him to take a corner in his carriage, adding, it would be an act of charity, as he was alone. The offer was thankfully accepted, and by half past ten (every thing being ready) they set off as fast as four horses could rattle, and never stopped, except to change horses, till they reached Dartford, where they agreed to dine; and Henry made a trifling alteration in his dress, wishing to make a favourable impression upon his grandfather.

Mr. Martin took his leave of him at Newington, where he got into a hackney coach, and Henry proceeded to Cleveland House.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVIII.

HE arrived between eight and nine, and was very much struck with its outward appearance. Old Johnstone was standing upon the steps, and would open the door of the carriage, that he might be the first to welcome his young master, who, without any farther ceremony, he began to hurry through the hall into a most elegant drawing-room; in the middle of which stood a tall, slim, elderly gentleman, upwards of seventy, whom Henry easily guessed was Sir William Cleveland. He felt rather agitated, as may be supposed;

supposed ; and not having hitherto formed the most favourable opinion of his grandfather, whose past neglect had left a strong impression upon his mind, he made a sort of involuntary stop just within the door ; but the good old steward wishing him to appear every thing he had described him to be, unperceived by Sir William, led him forward.

The Baronet advanced two steps to meet him, and remained gazing upon him for some seconds with every mark of satisfaction. Henry, when near enough, would have flung himself at his feet, but the old gentleman caught him in his arms, and pressed him most affectionately to his bosom, saying, in a faltering tone, " Sure, my ever-to-be-regretted Henry still lives." As he concluded, his voice totally failed him, and he burst into a violent flood of tears, and leaned his head upon his grandson's shoulder, who excessively agitated himself, had some difficulty to support him, which the old steward perceiving,

perceiving, he instantly approached and assisted Henry in leading the Baronet to an arm chair. In a few minutes he grew more composed; and putting out his hand, said, "Welcome ten thousand times to England, my dear Henry. Johnstone, you may leave us."

The old man placed a chair for Henry, and obeyed; Sir William was fearful of lowering himself even in the eyes of his confidential servant. Henry was still holding his grandfather's hand, which he had raised to his lips; but the moment the door was shut, he fixed his eyes upon his grandson, saying, "Can you forgive a capricious old fellow, my dear Harry, who ought to have known long since what a treasure he had in store. I only hope I have been the greatest sufferer by my neglect; I am not deserving such a grandson."

Henry assured the enraptured old man, whose eyes were fixed with an expression of transport

transport upon his face, he was at a loss to express the love and gratitude his kind reception had awakened in his bosom.

“ You are too good, my dear fellow ; I know I have given you very just reason to complain of me ; but I am thoroughly sensible of my past errors, and will try to make you all the atonement in my power for my late neglect. Sit down, I have a thousand things to say to you, and as many questions to ask ; but my head and heart are both so full, I hardly know where to begin. But you must be fatigued after your journey ; what will you take by way of refreshment ? ten o'clock is my supper hour.”

Henry said, with his leave he would have a cup of tea, which was instantly ordered ; and as soon as the servants retired, at Sir William's request he briefly recapitulated the past events of his life, his late marriage excepted ; indeed he did not even mention the name of Josephine, though he told his
grand-

grandfather he was but just returned from Spa when Johnstone arrived at St. Omers.

The Baronet's pride was highly gratified to find his grandson ranked such a man as the Marquis D'Orcy among his intimate friends, which must be owing to his innate merit and accomplishments. Indeed every moment increased Sir William's astonishment to find a young man educated as Henry gave him to understand he had been, whose manners and conversation would not have disgraced a Chesterfield.

At supper Henry was amazed in his turn by the splendour displayed in the eating parlour; though he had frequented some of the first houses in Paris, (and few were more magnificently fitted up than the Hotel D'Orcy) he had never yet beheld such a quantity of plate, as the French do not bestow any pains upon decorating their dining parlours nor sideboards.

As

As soon as the cloth was removed, the old steward was sent for, and Sir William gave orders to have the evening concluded jovially among his household, in honour of his grandson's arrival; and about midnight he proposed retiring, as he thought Henry must be fatigued.

The servants' vociferous joy, expressed by repeated peals of laughter, reached their ears as they ascended the great staircase. Sir William smiled and said, "They will not disturb us, Harry; and if they did, I do not think I could resolve to put a check to rejoicings in which I so sincerely participate."

Henry said he was very much flattered to find himself such a welcome guest at Cleveland House.

I desire you would not look upon yourself as a guest, my dear fellow," said Sir William, warmly, "from this moment you shall be as much master in it as I am."

They now reached the old gentleman's dressing-room, and desired Henry to sit down for a few minutes, as he was loth to disturb the servants. He then proceeded to tell him that he would immediately settle a handsome yearly income upon him, which should enable him to vie in point of appearance with the first young men in the kingdom.

Henry was not so much flattered by this promise as he had been by the reception he had met with, and hardly knowing how to express his thanks, was not sorry when Sir William begged him to ring the bell. His valet answered it, whom the Baronet sent for Johnstone. The old man soon returned with him, and seemed as if he had been making merry among the rest, though he was not quite tipsy; had he even been much more in liquor, it would have been construed into a compliment just then,

his master was in such excellent spirits. The steward, after having renewed his congratulations in the most respectful manner, begged to know Sir William's pleasure.

"I sent for you, Johnstone," said the Baronet, "to desire that henceforth you will pay the same deference to any orders Mr. Cleveland may give you, you would to mine, and order every servant in the house to follow your example; his will shall be law as much as mine among my household. I presume you have informed the young man you mentioned to me of my intentions in his favour; he knows his duty, I presume."

Johnstone, who had bowed at every pause Sir William had made, now said, his orders would be joyfully obeyed by his household, who would all be proud of receiving Mr. Cleveland's commands. The servant the

Baronet had fixed upon to be about his person was in waiting ; his young master would soon be able to judge of his merits, and decide accordingly.

Henry had some difficulty to preserve his gravity while attending to this dialogue, though he felt himself highly obliged to his grandfather for investing him with such unlimited power.

At last Sir William gave him a parting embrace and his blessing, and ordered Johnstone to conduct him to his apartment ; but as he was turning from the old gentleman, Sir William took something out of his pocket, put it into his hand, and retreated rather hastily. From the manner in which this present was bestowed, Henry supposed it was something the Baronet did not wish Johnstone to see ; he therefore put it into his pocket in silence, and followed the old man

man into a most elegant dressing room, fitted up in the most expensive modern style, communicating with a spacious bed-chamber, the furniture of which perfectly corresponded; near the dressing-table stood a young man, and whom the old steward, after prefacing his harangue with a very low bow, thus introduced to his notice. "This young man, Sir, is my nephew, and will find himself very much honoured if you will accept of his services in the quality of your valet de chambre; he dresses hair remarkably well, I am told; in short, Sir, I hope you will find him every way qualified for the distinguished post he is so anxious to obtain."

Henry did not chuse to interrupt this solemn, formal speech; but when the old man had made his concluding bow, said, "I am convinced, no one undeserving my notice would have met with my grandfather's approbation; I trust I shall not be

very difficult to please ; but his being your nephew, Mr. Johnstone, is sufficient to recommend him to my favour."

The conclusion of this speech quite won the old man's heart ; he caught his young master's hand, which he raised to his lips, then made so profound a bow, that having taken a glass too much, he was very near falling upon his nose ; at last he wished him a good night, and left the room, desiring his nephew would see his master had every thing he wanted.

Henry having often attended the Marquis D'Orcy's toilette, was perfectly acquainted with the functions of his new attendant, but very soon dismissed him, as he was anxious to see what the Baronet had bestowed upon him at parting. As soon as he was alone, he took it out of his pocket ; it was a small parcel, curiously wrapped up in a couple of sheets of silver paper. He instantly opened it

it, and found a very handsome pocket-book, which contained bank-notes, to the amount of two thousand pounds. This had been a premeditated present, and was therefore a proof of the generosity of his grandfather's disposition.

As soon as he was in bed, he began to reflect upon the happy prospects that seemed opening to his view ; but fatigue and want of rest prevented him from forming any plans for his future conduct, by absorbing all his faculties in a profound sleep.

Not so the Baronet, whose most ambitious hopes were all revived. Johnstone had in a great measure prepared him for the sight of his grandson, but his description of the young man, though very animated, fell far short of the original ; Sir William was excessively struck with his fine manly figure, animated countenance, and easy polite address ; in short, he found this long-neglected grandson

grandson every thing he could wish, and infinitely superior to what he had dared to expect when he had given the rein to his most sanguine hopes; he was a very good judge of merit, and lived in habits of intimacy with most of the first nobility in the kingdom; he therefore easily perceived how far Henry surpassed the grandson he had just buried, who was insolent and overbearing, yet vulgar in his manners, and low in his notions; his relationship to Sir William, and the immense fortune he was one day likely to inherit, were his most powerful recommendations in the eyes of those with whom his grandfather wished him to associate. Sir William had often blushed for him: though he entertained hopes that a few years might occasion a great alteration in his behaviour, still he often looked forward with anxiety and dread; he felt his loss very severely, it was so sudden and unexpected, but now began to think Providence was just in all its decrees. Still he reflected there was one thing

thing wanting to complete his felicity, which was to see this newly-acknowledged grandson married into some illustrious family; the match he had planned for his late heir came into his mind; Lady Sophia Courtenay was a charming young woman, and he had a particular regard for Lord Oakley, her father.—Thus he laid plans the greatest part of the night, and at last fell into a pleasing slumber.

The instant he awoke, he again rejoiced to think he had now got an heir truly deserving of his most unbounded affection, and longed once more to feast his eyes with a sight of the amiable young man.

He then reverted to this match he so earnestly wished to bring to bear; how to bring it about puzzled him, for he felt he could not take the same liberty with Henry he did with his cousin; he must obtain his consent before he disposed of his
hand;

hand ; still, now was the time to make use of his power, and to fix him irrevocably for life. His heart, he trusted, was disengaged, and he would certainly wish to oblige him ; but if he should object to this proposal, (though that was hardly possible) what must he do then ? he might, in some respects force obedience, as it was in his power to disinheret him, but that was a cruel idea ; besides, he had promised to indulge him in every thing, and his word was his bond ; he would therefore only try the effect of persuasion.

Colonel Cleveland possessed a noble spirit, and it appeared to have descended to his son ; the Colonel had braved his resentment when he married the woman of his choice, and his son seemed likely to do the same ; and to attempt to put a restraint upon his actions, (his merit and talents had raised him some powerful friends in France, he was still in the French army, therefore secure of an inde-

independence) his soul revolted at the bare idea.

Thus wavering between hope and fear, Sir William started from his pillow, anxious to commence his plan of operation.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.